JOHN BULL, JUNE 13, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1304.

OVER A MILLION SALE

WHAT-EVER YOU DO

WEAR TWO-THREE-TWO

"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the stores of The United Africa Co. Ltd. and their associated companies.

"Two-Three-Two" Grey Flannels are good company on all occasions, wet or fine, work or play, indoors or out. They're famous flannels because they're fine flannels. Tailored with a skill and care quite unusual; generous in width and wear. Cut from a cloth made amazingly durable by an exclusive finishing process—a fine sturdy cloth that will not fade, rub or shrink—and made in an all-fitting range of 64 sizes. In four shades Silver Ash, Silver Tone, Light and Dark Grey from all good outfitters.

14/11
(Outsizes slightly extra)

AND A "SANDOM" HANDYCOAT

A new pal for the man who knows how to "take life easy"—and made by the makers of "232"—the "Sandom" Handycoat! Here's a jacket with comfort in every line of its cut, comfort that does not forget style. Ask at your "232" shop to see the Handycoat in your exact size and the cloth you prefer from a choice of over fifty patterns.

21/-
27/6 & 35/-

"232" FLANNELS

Take service from "CENTACORT" White Flannels again this season 21/-

WRITE FOR THE FREE "232" AND "HANDYCOAT" BOOKLET TO "232" MANAGER OF SALES, 38, WOOD STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

60-PAGE wholesale Drapery Catlg.; also ABC Guide, direct from actual mfrs.; free: read page 56 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Examples of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz.; other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Ctlgs., now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Best Discount Terms. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only). — Levy Bros., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Bristall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS.—The ideal Club Leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 50 years' Reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for particulars and most wonderful Bargain Catalogue ever Published.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. — Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFT every agent. Big Cash commission. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 26, Neville Street, Leeds.

HARDY'S CLUB ORGANISERS ARE GETTING SPECIAL UNIQUE TERMS—GET TO KNOW WHAT THEY ARE! Write for Catalogues of Household Goods, Bedding, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, etc. Hundreds of Testimonials from satisfied customers throughout the country.—Hardy & Co. (Leeds), Ltd., Dept. A., Garforth, Leeds.

20s. in £ value. Xmas Club Agents wanted. Surprise Gift each agent, big free cat. Chocs., Cigs, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—Dept. 5, Garnett & Hallmey, Ltd., Newmarket Street, Grimsby.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
Choc., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Drapery, Toys. Liberal Com. Free Gifts all Agents. Art. Cat. from Club Supplies, Ltd. (Dept. 51), 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE! 5/- in the £ cash comm. Run household and drapery clubs. Huge variety. Catalogue and partics. free. No outlay. —Eaton & Co. (Dept. A), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB HOLDERS WANTED.—CHOCOLATES, FANCY GOODS, TOYS, ETC. LIBERAL COMMISSION. SPECIAL OFFER. FREE CATALOGUE. — NOVA TRADING CO., 74, VILLA STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

FREE Fountain Pen and Pencil, also cheque valued 10/6, 230-page beautifully illustrated coloured catalogue. Highest Cash Commission. XMAS CLUB AGENTS SEND P.C. TO-DAY FOR ABOVE.—HOFFBRAND, 10, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUB. Agents wanted for Xmas Chocolate Club. Highest Cash Commission paid. Only leading makes supplied. Particulars free.—Kightly, Bulwell, Nottingham.

ORGANISERS TO FORM 20-WEEK 6D. CLUBS for firm specialising in Ladies' Footwear. Beautifully illustrated catalogue supplied. Good commission.—Write at once for particulars, THE WEST RIDING SHOE CO., RUSSELL STREET, BINGLEY.

CHOCOLATES, CIGS., FANCY GOODS, TOYS, etc. Agents wanted to become members of our famous Eatonian Xmas Club. Why do we add thousands of new members each year? Because our terms, quality and service are the best—genuine and straight. Biggest Cash Com. Free gifts. Large cash prize. Send p.c. for Catalogue and prove our words. No outlay.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. X.), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

EARN £1 CASH ON A 20-WEEK CLUB. 5,000 Agents Wanted for famous C. & P. Clubs. Biggest Commission. Greatest value for money. Everything in fashions, Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Footwear. Suits at 15/-, Shoes 7/6. Send for parties. 128-page Catalogue free.—City & Provincial Stores (Dept. J.B.1), Manchester.

BIG Com. Club Agents wanted. Fancy Goods, Chocs., best makes only. Illus. Catalogue free.—W. Garratt, Stockley St., Northampton.

AGENTS Wanted to form Xmas Clubs. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Bedding, Watches, Clocks, etc. Highest Cash Commission. Illustrated Catalogue and full partics.—Apply, G. W. Watson, Dept A., 137, Albion St., Leeds.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted; Chocs., Toys, Drapery, etc.; highest com. and all postages paid. Write now for two Catalogues and fountain pen absolutely free.—Gilston, 105, Summerville, Bradford.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs, Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Cigarettes. Good commission. No outlay. Send for illustrated list.—Regent Confectionery Co., Stanningley, Leeds.

AGENTS.—Exceptional line Embossed Stationery (no dies required). Splendid repeat business. Samps. 6d.—Shaw & Son, 17, Crescent, B'gham.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS make sure of your profits. Wonderful Catalogue free, highest commission and gifts to Agents.—Redcliffe National Club, (Dept. S), Redcliffe St., Bristol.

XMAS CLUBS. AGENTS WANTED to sell Chocs., Cigs., Watches, Clocks, Drapery, Furniture, Hardware, China, Leather Goods, Glassware, Cxdi ed Goods, Umbrellas, Slippers, Toys, all household goods, etc. BIG CASH COM. AND FREE GIFTS. £20 FREE TRADING VOUCHER TO ALL AGENTS. Send for Wonderful Catalogue.—Morris Bros., 3, Clifton St., Bradford.

HIGHEST Com.—Xmas Agents wtd. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods. Free Gift inquiries.—Original Tate Xmas Club, Dept. J.B., Dock St., Leeds.

SPARE Time Agents Wtd. Either Sex. Generous payment. No outlay. Early application essential.—Davison Bros., Ltd., Livesey Fold, Darwen, Lancs.

EMPLOYMENT.

AGAIN, ATTWOOD-TRAINED SALESMEN SWEEP THE BOARD!
1st PLACE. MARCH, 1931, AND MARCH, 1930. Incorporated Sales Managers' Association's Examination in Sales Management.
1st PLACE. NOVEMBER, 1930. London Chamber of Commerce Examination in Salesmanship.
WHY NOT TRAIN TO BE A SALESMAN UNDER MR. WALLACE ATTWOOD? Suitable men can learn by post in their spare time. Without previous experience on the road ATTWOOD-TRAINED MEN are now earning £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7326.)

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

AUTOMATIC Signwriting Outfit writes notices, names, initials, numbers, easily, cheaply. Trial outfit & instructions 6d. (Agents wtd.)—J. B. Foxley, 78, Castlebar Pk., W.5.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle/Tyne.

GENT'S Lever Pocket Watch. Twelve months' guarantee. Handsome nickel case, reliable keyless movement, accurate timekeeper under all climatic conditions. Price 6/- post free.—(W.) Shephard, 19, Clement Gdns., Hayes, Middx.

HEMSTITCHED Ivory Casement Cloth, 22 in. wide, 6½d. per yard. Any length. Postage paid. —The North British Mills, Millom, Cumberland.

"If your Dealer does not stock Hercules Cycles, go to one who does"

You'll save at least £2 if you insist on a

Hercules
CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

That's the difference between what you would have to pay for any other cycle with the same specification. DUNLOP Roadster Reinforced Tyres, Rims and Saddle. HERCULES Brakes, Freewheel and Pedals.

Prices from **£3·19·9**

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Hercules are the world's largest cycle manufacturers, and only their enormous output enables them to offer such cycle value.

EACH HERCULES CYCLE IS
GUARANTEED FOR 50 YEARS

Ask your local dealer for particulars or write for catalogue to:—
THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD.,
Britannia Works, Rocky Lane, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

London Depot: 54 Sussex Place, S. Kensington, S.W.7. *Manchester Depot: 32a Dale Street.*

C.F.H. 252

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE.—Forces being increased. Over 500 men shortly needed. Splendid pay and prospects. If over 5 ft. 9 in. and under 27 apply for FREE details of Entrance Examination from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts, Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

CHEAP Printing.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. Posters and other cheap Printing. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/-, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4. Colours 3/10 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

AUSTINS! Morris! Triumphs! "Drome" Extra Air Valve saves petrol. Improves running. Easily fitted. Thousands used. 5/- post free. —Drome Mfg. Co., 1609, Stratford Rd., B'gham.

WOOL Sale, 1d., 1½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug., 1/-, 1/6. Cable, 1/8 lb. 600 spls. Illus. Guide, "Scotia" Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

YOUR SUIT SHINES! The Lion Brique Removes Shine, re-naps clothes. 1/-, post free.—Sheldon, 39, Paul Street, E.C.2.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55 and 56, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linoleum, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

SPECIAL OFFER to *John Bull* Readers. High-class Indigo Botany Serge, 58 in. wide, 15-18 oz. London Shrunk, 5/9 yd., post paid. Patterns free.—Robinson, 39, Leeds Road, Bradford.

FOUR GUINEA SUITS for 42 - and a perfect fit. "Gilbert" Tailor-made Suits made from finest Indigo Botany Wool Serge. Send for patterns and self-measurement form.—Gilbert Clothing Co., Myrtle Mills, Bingley, Yorks.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS. Garages, Garden Sheds, Poultry Houses, etc., on easy terms. Write to Vivians (Dept. J.B.), Station Road, Hounslow, for free art catalogue. Illustrated advertisement is on page 3.

GET YOUR Flannel Trousers now. A terrific gain line in this week's "SHOP WINDOW" (page facing).

END WASH DAY TROUBLES. The sum of 1d. brings you a "Swiftsure" Washer, illustrated on page facing. Mention John Bull when writing for this time and money saver.

BE YOUR OWN Shoe Repairer and use Rhino-Sole. Without experience Rhino-Sole makes Shoe Repairs a matter of simplicity and will save you pounds. Read all about Rhino-Sole in the advertisement on page 3.

GRANOLEUM Squares for Floors are cleaner and cheaper than carpets. They cost only 12/6 each. For further particulars see advt. on page 3.

FREE. Write for the "232" and "SANDOW HANDYCOAT" Booklet, as offered in the Front Cover announcement for "232" FLANNELS.

Several CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by SELFRIDGE (Dept. J.B.) (p. 28); ROBEY (p. 32); HERCULES (on this page).

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-, 75 modern home-made garments, Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nightdresses, etc. Gntd. unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Expectant mothers send 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. Mother, 15 years' exp.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts, Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

ITALIAN Piano Accordeon, Professional Model, 24 Treble, 48 Bass, fully gntd. 30/- secures, balance weekly.—Hessy's, Manchester St., Liverpool.

PIANO Accordions, Jazz, Gramos., Concertinas, Ukes, Banjos, Phonoddles, Violins, Mandolines. —Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS. Exchange your old set for latest 1931 models. Guaranteed for one year. Astounding allowances.—Write free booklet, Dept. J., Radialaddin, Carlisle St., Westminster, S.E.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. BUY DIRECT from Wholesaler. Delicious, specially blended Indian and Ceylon Teas. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 7/-. Carr. pd. Special Prices large quantities. Portway Tea Co., 72 Portway, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/8 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful no hard pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd., 468T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stuart Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Books, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Sp. 3d.

SUFFERERS FROM BOILS, CARBUNCLES and Abscesses. End your tortures with a trial tin of Clough's Marvellous healing BLACK SALVE. Century-old family recipe, given relief to thousands. Even obstinate, long-standing cases yield to its magic. Give Clough's Black Salve a trial. 1/6 per tin, post paid. Booklet of Home Remedies for all Complaints free on request.—Sole makers, H. Clough, M.P.S., 102, Barkerhouse Road, Nelson, Lancs.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies but cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent free to sufferers.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.44), 41, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

A FREE SAMPLE OF EADE'S GOUT PILLS is offered in the advt. on page 31.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 13, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S DELICIOUS JELLIED ALMONDS. THE FAMOUS SWEET. INSIST ON DUKE'S. —ASK YOUR CONFECTIONER TO-DAY.

A WONDERFUL OFFER! Turn to page 31 NOW. Fill in the coupon now, while you think of it, for a copy of the amazing B.D.V. GOLDEN GIFT BOOK showing in colour 250 treble-value Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from B.D.V. Cigarettes.

FREE. A trial tube of "PALMOLIVE" SHAVING CREAM. Test this shaving luxury by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 23 and enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. Post the coupon now for your test tube.

FREE. £30 first prize and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be accompanied by a label from a portion of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE or other commodities mentioned in the advt. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Note closing date is Friday, June 26, 1931.

Ellis's BUNGALOWS

THE 'BEXHILL' In complete sections, for easy erection by amateurs.
20ft. x 10ft. (2 rooms) ... £22. 4s. 6d.
20ft. x 10ft. (3 rooms) ... £47. 6s. 6d.
20ft. x 10ft. (4 rooms) ... £62. 6s. 6d.
Carriage Paid. Easiest of Easy Terms.
Numerous designs, up to £375 in
FREE ART CATALOGUE.
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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

Why endure dusty carpets? These easily cleaned squares are a boon to every home!

12/6 CARRIAGE PAID

Granoleum Square

Our "Super-Gran." Quality.
3 x 2½ yds. .. 16/6
3 x 3 yds. .. 22/6
3 x 3½ yds. .. 26/6
3 x 4 yds. .. 31/6
J. GRUNDY & SONS (M.O. Dept.), 116-118, Manchester Road, INCE, WIGAN.

The squares are beautifully bordered and have artistic carpet effects in blue, red, fawn and brown. State colour required. Packing and carriage free.

HIS MAJESTY THE BABY

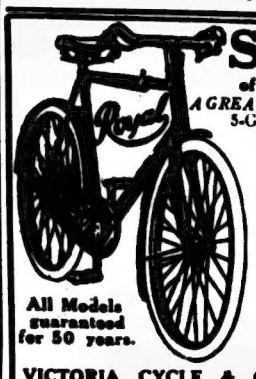
Will be needing a Carriage for The Sunshine—and the Rain—

THERE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN A

— ROYAL —

FOR APPEARANCE AND HARD WEAR
Write for Illustrated List Free.

THE 1931 ROYAL with Ball Bearing Bicycle Wheels, patent Cradle Springs and Balloon Tyres,
PRICE £3 CASH
or 14 monthly payments of 5/-
Sent Carriage paid on receipt of 1st 5/-
ROYAL CARRIAGE CO., 330A, ESSEX ROAD, LONDON, N.1



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of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
5-Guinea Models for
59/6
(or 5/9 monthly).
3-Speed Model de Luxe for
79/6
(or 7/6 monthly).
Numerous other models at similar reductions.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
All Models guaranteed for 50 years.
VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. C. 182), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

BEST WATCH VALUE Ever Offered

No Deposit

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Metro Band, 29/-.

GENT.'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/-. Luminous, 2/- extra.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.
Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.
HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO., 6, White Hart Ct., Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR with SPRING SEATS
2/6
ONLY secures delivery of this full-length Bed-Chair with spring seats, and 12 weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Solid oak frames polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 seat cushions reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as firside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carriage Free Eng. P.O.'s only. Cash Price 30/-

(1)
Send for new Coloured List B
(2)
(3)
(4)

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co., Ltd., 25, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1

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THE NEW SUPER FLOOR COVERING

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD

90 SQ. FEET FOR 15/-

Impervious to Damp. Will Not Rot. Lies Flat Without Fixing. Permanent Coloured Finish.
Choose from our huge range of radiant designs.
Carriage Paid. Money refunded if not satisfied.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST OF FLOOR COVERINGS ETC.

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Dixon's
30 HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL

Bargains Direct from Works!
FREE 14 DAYS' TRIAL
The Latest Model
"SWIFTSURE" Combined
TABLE & WRINGER
Ideal for Small Houses.

Takes up little space, but is Rigid and Will Wring and Mangle large things such as Quilts, Blankets, Sheets, etc. The Large 10in. Rubber Rollers are Guaranteed, and do not break buttons. The Large Double Cogs have Guards which protect the clothes and fingers.

Size of Top 28½" x 18"

Accept this Money Saving offer NOW.
DELIVERED FREE AFTER RECEIPT OF
5/-
The balance in ten monthly payments of 5/-. Cash Price, 52/6 Carr. Paid.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Converted in a jiffy into a Useful and Elegant Table.
The METAL DRAINER is rust proof and directs the water into the Tub.
The FOLDING HANDLE does not project when the Wringer is turned under.
The COG GUARDS Protect the fingers and clothes.
The TUB can remain on the Stand under table after the wringing and mangling are done.

MADE IN ENGLAND. GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS.
DON'T DELAY. SEND 5/6 TO-DAY.
Tub 3/6 extra (if required)

REDUCED PRICE
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If satisfied after 14 Days' Free Trial, & 4 Monthly Payments of 2/9.
Cash Price 12/6.
MONEY RETURNED if not satisfied.

The "Swiftsure"
VACUUM WASHER
with the
WONDERFUL BALL VALVE
Saves Hours of Toil and Drudgery on Wash-day. Saves Coal, Gas and Soap. No Wash-boiler, Gas or Electric Power required. Its cost saved in less than a month.

The 'Swiftsure' sucks the Dirt out and dost it thoroughly. It abolishes the dread of washing with its laborious toil.

Have this great washing-day helper in your home on 14 days' Free Trial. Will Wash the daintiest Silk Frocks & Jumpers or the dirtiest and greasiest Engineers' Overalls, Stockings, Underclothing, and the heaviest Blankets, Quilts, etc.

Made in ENGLAND of Solid Copper and Brass.
NO BOILING.
NO RUBBING.

THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.
GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS.

Mrs. J. Boon writes:—"Only 12 months ago I paid £12/12/0 for a washer. I have given the 'Swiftsure' Washer a good trial and find I get better results."
Mrs. C. F. Presley:—"The 'Swiftsure' is the cleanest and quickest washer in the world."

Write to-day (a postcard will do) asking for a "Swiftsure" Washer to be sent on 14 Days' Free Trial.
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. J.B.) Islington, Liverpool

A FEW MINUTES' WORK—AND YOU SAVE POUNDS ON SHOE REPAIRS!

The amount of money spent on repairs amounts to an appreciable item. Start to-day and repair your own leather or rubber soles. You need only a knife and a tube of RHINO-SOLE—the synthetic leather paste which can be moulded to any shape or thickness and hardens for use in an hour or two. Absolutely waterproof. Mend your kiddies shoes with it for economy's sake. British made and guarantee of efficiency on every tube, which contains enough paste for dozens of patches or two substantial soles. Send a P.O. NOW for Tube. Ideal for Crepe Rubber and all Sports Shoes. Carriage and Packing 4d. extra.

1/6
3 Tubes Post Free.

RHINO-SOLE (Dept. J.B.), WOODHEADS, 12, Petherton Rd., London, N.5
Trade Enquiries to Sole Mfrs., 172, Fleet St., E.C.4.

1000 GENUINE GILLETTE RAZORS

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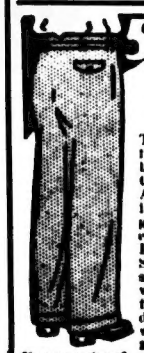

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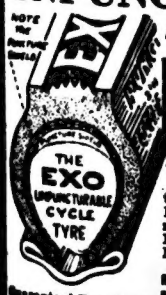

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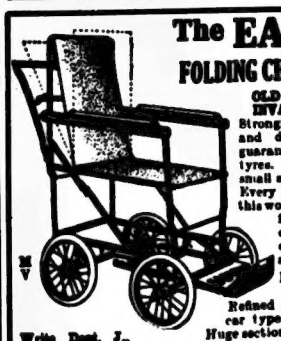

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, June 13, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

GERMANY means to use every possible method of obtaining a revision of reparations payments.

Dr. Bruening and Dr. Curtius came to England with the backing of public opinion and the support of all the big German banking and financial interests.

• • •

The fact remains that neither Britain nor France can agree to a revision unless America consents to a writing down of war-debts.

Here comes Germany's trump card. Some of the big American banking-houses have already had a quiet warning that, unless reparations are revised, a complete default on the interest payments of all the huge American loans to Germany may come—and come this year.

• • •

The American Government is likely to receive a semi-official warning, and the outcome depends on whether Mr. Hoover will listen to U.S. bankers.

Right again!

In our issue of May 23, we forecast the findings of the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

The report has now been issued, and readers will note that JOHN BULL told them a fortnight beforehand the things which the daily Press published the other day.

We said the report would recommend legislation to remove married women from the "dole" when they have no intention of returning to their former work.

The official figures not only reveal the truth of our prophecy, but show that the Government can expect a worrying time when the matter comes up in the House.

The leak in Wales

The great storms which swept over South Wales recently proved that the sewerage systems are utterly inadequate to deal with a big volume of storm water.

Every big centre in the Principality suffered, and many homes were ruined.

Here is essential work waiting to be done, and the unemployed could well get on with it.

A big scheme would save the cost in a few years, beside eliminating the terrible danger now confronting many a Welsh home.

Foreign Office clean-up

We learn that very big developments are contemplated by the Foreign Office.

They amount to no less than the reconstruction of the whole British Diplomatic Service.

The many trade missions which have recently visited the Far East, Egypt and South America have hammered home the truth that our embassies and legations are far behind those of our competitors in the battle for trade.

It is clear, too, that the requirements of the Dominions are not political, but economic.

The old gang of pre-war diplomatists is putting up a fight, but it will be overruled.

Plan to Stop World Ruin

Check to Wage-Cutters

Why Dull Mothers?

Shooting stars

Important experiments in velocity and wind-pressure are being made with great secrecy at the National Physical Laboratory in connection with the Schneider Trophy race.

An exact model, with a wing-span of 6 ft., is undergoing tests in giant wind-tunnels, and it is confidently hoped to increase the speed of the machines by modifications in design.

Provided the pilots are able to keep control, some amazing speeds may be expected.

More slaughter

When the Electoral Reform Bill goes to the House of Lords, the peers will mutilate it as they did the Land Bill, the Education Bill and several other much-needed measures of reform.

The Conservatives, afraid of the alternative vote, will do their best to get it killed.

The Government will not give way, and in resisting any damaging amendments, it will be supported by the Liberals.

If the worst comes to the worst, it will put the Bill through under the Parliament Act.

Both the Cabinet and the Liberals mean to have the alternative vote in operation before the next General Election.

Smoke without fire

The Air Ministry's scientific advisers are busily preparing for the next war.

Secret experiments are being made with the object of protecting towns from aerial attack by means of smoke-screens.

The next step is for somebody to invent a method of seeing through the smoke and bomb defenceless people as cheerfully as they did before.

Setting the example

Some months ago, Mr. Ernest Bevin said that if the next big union to be attacked on wage-reductions could resist the employers' demands, the whole wages trend in this country and in Europe might be changed.

"Practised what he preached"

As luck had it, his own union was the next to be attacked, and Mr. Bevin has practised what he preached.

He has told the dock employers that he will not even discuss the wage-reductions they have demanded. Instead, he has told them they should put their industry in order.

The result is that the employers have withdrawn their demands from immediate discussion, and the two sides are to conduct an examination of the industry to see where they can save without cutting wages.

Runnymede's ghosts

People in Egham, Surrey, are thinking of sending an S.O.S. to Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Transport.

They used to travel to London by coach lines running to Windsor, Ascot and Sunningdale. Now all these lines have been "axed" under the new Road Traffic Act.

The last time there was trouble in Egham the authorities lost the day badly. That was when King John was forced to sign Magna Charta on Egham's village-green, Runnymede.

Mr. Morrison had better beware!

Bright little mothers

There is a lot of bunkum talked about the intelligent woman of to-day.

It is good to read that Sir J. Arthur Thomson and Professor Patrick Geddes deplore the suggestion that maternity should be the lot of the less intellectual of women, leaving the others to conduct, or endeavour to conduct, the world's affairs.

"Sir J. A. Thompson deplores . . ."

They pronounce such a state of affairs as distinctly non-biological, which, of course, it is.

It should be obvious that an intelligent married woman must want children. Motherhood denotes intellect.

Hidden death

The Registrar-General's report for the first three months of this year states that deaths are up 46,000 on the corresponding period last year—obviously influenza.

Medical knowledge is completely helpless before this ever-present menace.

Nothing is known definitely—not the germ, nor its course—nothing except that it recurs with intervening cycles of thirty-three weeks.

The Medical Research Council must get down to the problem of dealing with this pestilence. Organised co-operation on international lines might work wonders.

The flying Scott

We anticipate very hopefully that Mr. C. W. A. Scott, the London airman, who has just broken all records by his magnificent return flight to Australia, will be given a knighthood.

No honour could be more richly deserved. Scott sought no publicity in this high adventure. He set off alone in his British de Haviland Moth, and he came back in another British machine of the same make presented to him by Lord Wakefield, the consistent and generous supporter of all British flying enterprise.

Britain owes a debt of gratitude both to Scott and Lord Wakefield. It is thanks to men like these that our aeroplane industry has achieved its world-wide renown.

Crimson coal

The price of coal in blood has been referred to in these columns on various occasions. A new angle for assessing this cost has been revealed by mining statistics recently made available.

In 1930 more than 6,300 boys under sixteen, employed below ground, were disabled in accidents. The number killed is unknown.

We can hardly believe that these appalling figures could not be lessened by such precautionary measures as the progress of the last few years has made possible.

If rationalisation cannot achieve as much as that it is a failure.

We bag two more

Jenny Chapman, alias "Lady Noreen Crowe," whom we denounced some months ago, was recently sentenced at the Old Bailey, and now comes word of a still greater triumph for JOHN BULL.

This is the sentence of Archie Greensmith, a rogue of many names, whose arrest we have repeatedly demanded for robbing unemployed in bogus businesses that he started in different parts of the country.

The twenty-two months' hard labour imposed upon him is not a bit too severe, for there were twenty-five counts against him and he had more than one recorded conviction.

Reducing

There is a growing opinion among Naval experts that the larger the submarine the greater is the wave disturbance, and thus the presence of the vessel is more easily detected.

Britain's latest under-sea craft of 1,700 tons displacement are unlikely to be repeated. Orders have been given to proceed with the construction of two much smaller submarines, and the work is being carried out at Chatham.

Another factor is the improvement in the range and speed of torpedoes. The latest type can travel 1,200 yards.

Cranky old machine

The House of Commons must either rationalise its procedure or be prepared to sit longer each year.

The Factories Bill and the Hours of Industrial Employment Bill are both awaiting the attention of the House. Both have once more been crowded out.

Dozens of useful private Bills are in the same predicament. And yet the House of Commons sits only four and a half days a week for about six months in the year.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

The dreamers

The Channel Tunnel scheme was turned down very decisively last year, and it is unlikely that it will become a practical issue again for a very long time.

"Still pursues a forlorn hope"

But the Channel Tunnel Company, Ltd.—of which the chairman is Baron Emile d'Erlanger—still pursues its forlorn hope of trying to convert official opinion on the subject.

Having decided that it can no longer count on the railways as allies, the company is now out to cultivate motorists.

It is an idle dream. The company might just as well let the project rest.

Casino slumps

The Irish sweepstakes have given the casinos a nasty knock.

The French gambling centres rely very largely on British tourists for their prosperity—Frenchmen are not expert at throwing away their own money.

More than twenty casinos are in danger of closing down, and even Monte Carlo has seen a drop of £100,000 in earnings during the past twelve months.

Efforts are now being made to re-attract the gambler by new thrills.

Why the difference?

In England, local authorities can obtain Government assistance for building houses covering up to 800 superficial feet.

Welsh authorities are limited to houses of 750 superficial feet of floor space.

Local authorities in the Principality are contemplating the holding-up of housing schemes in order to compel the Ministry of Health to place Wales on the same footing as England.

It is plainly an unfair and unjust distinction.

Foreign poachers

Past Governments have funked the job. But the present Government has the courage to take international action as a remedy for the grievances of Moray Firth fishermen who have had their nets destroyed by foreign trawlers.

It is a galling fact that foreign trawlers should be allowed to fish where British trawlers are prohibited.

The snag is that, if foreigners are barred from Moray Firth, British fishermen may find the bar put up in the foreign inlets and estuaries where they are now permitted to go.

This, however, is a flagrant anomaly in international fishing customs.

Wasted training

What is the matter with ex-R.A.F. mechanics and artisans?

Aircraft firms frequently advertise for workers, but they are inclined to turn down a man who says he has served with the Air Force.

Mr. P. Bradbury, a Londoner with seven years' creditable service behind him, has been rejected by five different firms.

He was sent to them by his employment exchange, and now he has been told that it is useless for him to apply for further jobs on aircraft construction.

No reason is given, and we want to know why.

Film stricken

The Ministry of Labour is investigating wages and working conditions in the kinemas.

It has been represented to the authorities that in some picture-houses commissionaires have to work from nine in the morning until 10.40 p.m., with only an hour and a half off for meals and one "evening" off a week, from nine o'clock.

Their pay for this hefty task is £2 a week, less deductions for insurance.

The battle continues

A practical protest against the high costs of Suez Canal dues is now being made.

Two large British steamers have been chartered to proceed to Australia viâ the Cape, and will return with cargoes of wheat by the same route.

Darkest Glasgow

Glasgow Corporation claims to be the most progressive municipality in the United Kingdom, but declines to pay its lamplighters more than 35s. a week.

Some of the married men have had to apply for public assistance.

They need a wage on which they can live, and are surely entitled to the labourer's minimum of 40s.

Be fair to the chorus

When the Unemployment Insurance Bill comes up for discussion, a plea will be made on behalf of chorus-girls.

At the moment they are not allowed to draw benefit while rehearsing without wages.

This means that they are working hard without return, and their benefit is stopped on the grounds that they are not available for full-time employment.

Canal bankers

Far too many children have lost their lives recently in the canals of Lancashire.

In the absence of proper playing facilities, the children use the towing-paths. The owners of the canals do not provide any protection, and the police do not patrol the banks.

Are there not enough men among the workless of Lancashire who would welcome the job of watching the children, especially during the summer holidays?

Make safe

New regulations which come into force next month provide for greater supervision in the erection of stages, ladders and gangways in shipyards and dry docks, the protection of dock sides, and the prevention of material from falling on workers.

Altogether, there are fifty-four clauses in the "safety first" regulations, which are expected to be helpful in reducing the abnormally large number of accidents in this employment.

Girl drudges

There are restaurants in Cardiff where girls have to work from sixty to seventy hours a week for a pittance of 10s.

Some of them have rebelled against these terrible conditions. One orphan girl threw up the job owing to the drudgery and the type of customers she had to serve.

She has now been refused unemployment benefit.

The Ministry of Labour should give immediate attention to some of these sweat-shops masquerading as restaurants and cafés.

Better than "It"

We can produce the best talkie stars, but it takes an American to describe them.

Tallulah Bankhead, for instance, has

She's simply "Oo!"

set the U.S.A. "sizzling like 2,000,000,000 volts of electricity."

According to the American Press, she "woke up in the Strand to find herself the oo-la-la of all England."

In fact, as one trans-Atlantic journal puts it, she's simply "Oo!"

Not this 'bus

The Premier Omnibus Company, Ltd., and Premier Line, Ltd., of Leysfield Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W., have informed us that an article criticising the Premier Omnibus Company of Watford, and published in our issue of May 23 last, has been thought to refer to them.

We desire to state in the clearest possible manner that the article in question in no way refers to the well-known Premier Omnibus Company, Ltd., and Premier Line, Ltd., of Shepherd's Bush, and we regret any annoyance which they may have been caused by the coincidence of names.

The difference of address is obvious.

On stony ground

The most disappointed man in London after the Irish Derby sweepstake was a Regent Street bookmaker.

He bought seven thousand tickets, and not one of them drew a prize.

The loser was quite unperturbed at his loss. His only comment was that it was a sporting investment and he hoped for better luck next time.

His deep pocket

Scottish coal-owners are accused of forming a price-ring against local authorities.

They have issued a circular stating that companies must charge the authorities the same prices for the same class of coal. Competitive tenders are thus excluded.

As the local authorities consume about two million tons of coal a year they naturally protest.

It all comes down to the old result. The ratepayer has to find the cost.

Dusty death

We again draw attention to the plight of quarrymen and others afflicted with silicosis—a lung disease caused by dust.

The Government organised a "Silicosis Fund," to which employers made a contribution, but the last balance-sheet published shows some queer contrasts:

Over £10,000 has been spent on fees to medical boards, administrative and travelling expenses; only £5,580 has been paid out in benefits.

We would remind the Minister of Health that the fund was opened for disabled workers and not for the benefit of medicos.

Rigged sales

Once more it is necessary to warn readers against the fake-sale merchant.

The practice is to rent a large house or mansion for a short period and stock it with new and old furniture of an inferior quality.

Every effort is being made by the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents and the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute to check the activities of these rogues.

Expensive names

We don't like the methods of A. Jacobsen, of Market Place, Bedale, Yorks.

He advertises for carpenters, bricklayers and painters, and then informs applicants that he can supply names and addresses of firms in all the large towns.

Jacobsen charges one shilling for ten names, 1s. 6d. for fifteen, and so on. He does not state that the firms have vacancies.

In effect, he charges his clients for material they could get for nothing from any commercial directory.

His letter suggests that applicants have an eye for the main chance. So has Mr. Jacobsen.

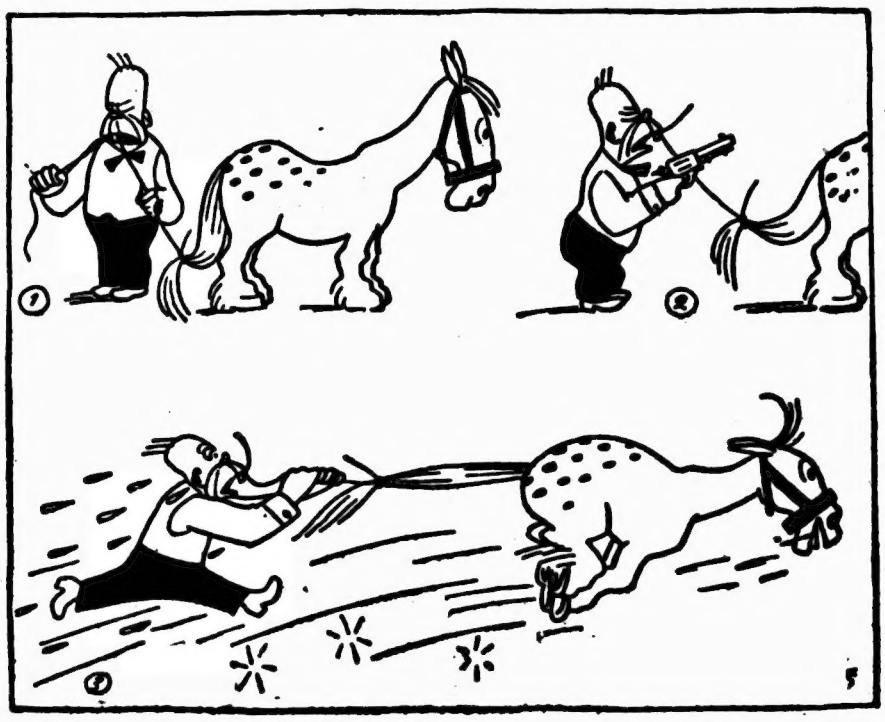
Another of 'em

The D. and K. Warehouse Co., Ltd., of 4, Great Arthur Street, London, E.C., is another of those concerns working the competition "stunt" in connection with the sale of goods similar to the Holborn Warehouse Company and the Leicester Warehouse Company, both of which have been subject to disapproval in the columns of this paper.

A Belfast reader has received the usual type of letter from the D. and K. people: "You have obtained the highest number of points for accuracy . . ." etc., and asks our advice as to whether he shall now send £1 for the "qualifying order."

To all and sundry who are thus favoured we advise that they give the proposition a "miss."

ADAMSON—*Also ran!*



My AIM in Life—2.

Better Times for MOTHERS

by MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN

With the exception of the Queen herself, no highly placed woman in this country has worked more devotedly in the cause of motherhood than Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Conservative leader and former Premier.

In the following article—the second in the exclusive series which was started last week—Mrs. Baldwin personally explains her great aim in life: the alleviation of the universal sacrifice of motherhood.

"If only well-to-do mothers would forgo their next new hat to help some poorer sister."—Mrs. Baldwin among the babies

MUCH has been done already—still more remains to do—in the cause of motherhood. I think my greatest ambition is to give every mother in Great Britain the opportunity of an anæsthetic in the hour of her trial.

At one time it was thought "indelicate" to discuss the most wonderful subject of childbirth, but we have left that foolish mock-modesty far behind us. To-day the world is deeply concerned with the welfare of all mothers, and great efforts are being made on their behalf.

I wonder how many people realise that childbirth for most women is still a more terrible ordeal than a serious surgical operation?

Nowadays, patients are given an anæsthetic for removing tonsils or adenoids, putting a few stitches in a cut, setting a fractured bone, or even for pulling out a tooth.

Yet in tens of thousands of confinement cases, in which the pain is incomparably greater, no anæsthetic is given.

I have been demanding anæsthetics for mothers for more than a quarter of a century, and one by one the arguments against them have disappeared.

I remember the time when it was taken for granted that mothers were ordained by Providence to bring children into this world with pain and suffering.

It was even thought that unless a mother suffered in childbirth she would not love the baby that was born, and any suggestion of trying to alleviate the pains of labour was looked at askance as being contrary to "Nature's way."

BUT now, at last, we are beginning to realise that a great deal of this appalling suffering not only can be avoided without harming the child or violating divine decrees, but ought to be avoided, both for the sake of common humanity and in the interest of the mother's health.

All of us realise the disastrous effects on the mind and the nervous system of physical pain, yet few people stop to think of what it means to a woman's nerves to endure a long and difficult labour—often the shattering of her nervous system for years to come.

I know of a doctor who goes so far as to say that he can tell at a glance from the door of a maternity ward which of the mothers have been delivered under a properly administered anæsthetic.

We now know that an anæsthetic, if it is judiciously given, does not harm the child. Some anæsthetics may delay the birth, I believe, but it lessens the shock to the mother's nerves and also her fear of the event.

And who knows what this may mean to the child when its health and temperament are so strongly affected by the mother's prenatal condition?

We hear a great deal nowadays about babies suffering from all kinds of nervous disorders. If mothers had less dread of confinement it seems to me quite possible that a good deal of this sort of trouble might disappear.

It is also likely that we should have fewer families with an only child on account of mothers saying "Never again" after their first confinement.

For all these reasons, I want every mother, provided she is a fit subject, to have the opportunity of an anæsthetic when she has her baby—not just those who can afford it.

AND as the law of the land allows only fully qualified persons to administer anæsthetics, I say that we must have a sufficient number of these to put relief from pain within reach of every woman who chooses to avail herself of it.

Already some of the big London hospitals have taken the lead in appointing additional resident anæsthetists, and the London County Council has quite lately arranged to provide anæsthetics in normal cases of childbirth as an experiment in six of its maternity hospitals.

If only well-to-do mothers, who know what it means to be given an anæsthetic in the time of need, would forgo their next new hat to help some poorer sister, we could make similar arrangements all over the country.

I realise, of course, that only a small proportion of maternity cases in this country are dealt with in hospitals, but all the same we must begin with the hospitals and then try to extend the use of anæsthetics to maternity cases outside.

Naturally I should like to see many other reforms in the maternity service in addition to this general use of anæsthetics for which I am particularly working.

Doctors themselves admit that the present mortality rate among mothers is far too high, and that half the mothers who die could be saved.

In 1929, 3,747 women died in childbirth or from associated causes, which is at the rate of 5.82 per 1,000 births.

In 1928 the rate was 5.62 per 1,000. No fewer than 77,429 mothers have died in childbirth during the last nineteen years, and although the infant mortality rate has been halved, the death rate among mothers is increasing. The 1929 rate was the highest since 1911.

This state of affairs is deplorable, and I believe it is largely due to lack of ante-natal care in the most critical period of a woman's life. What I should like to see is a maternity wing and an ante-natal clinic for every urban hospital in the country.

During 1929 the number of births in England alone was 643,673, while only 2,561 maternity beds were available. This means that if a mother is allowed to stay in hospital for twelve days, about 74,400 out of the 643,673 mothers could have been accommodated.

ISN'T it reasonable to suppose that there is some connection between this shortage of beds and the high percentage of illnesses caused by confinement?

Between 38 per cent. and 50 per cent. of women in the gynæcological wards of the general hospitals are suffering from preventable illnesses due to childbirth.

And so another of my aims is a gynæcological chair at one of the Universities to help in investigating the causes of maternal mortality and raising the standard of this important branch of medical science, thereby focusing the attention of the public on it.

Finally, I should like to see the salaries and the status of midwives improved. At present they are paid only from £124 to £200 a year, which is not enough to attract the best type of woman.

In country districts it is obvious that the services of midwives are absolutely indispensable, and in many out-of-the-way places owing to the scarcity of doctors their work is of vital importance.

I hope that in time midwives may be allowed to give their patients real relief by light anæsthesia or sedatives.

The avowed aim of the present generation is to alleviate suffering and to make things "easier" all round; then why, oh why, should the claim of the mothers be ignored?

NEXT WEEK . . . .

The Rev. Basil Jellicoe

The Parson who Runs Two Pubs

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

DIPLOMACY *with a* PUNCH

Sir ROBERT VANSITTART, K.C.B.,
Foreign Office, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—You are the executive chief of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Under your control are large numbers of highly decorative and often very brainy young men who hope, some fine day, to become ambassadors.

Meanwhile, our Diplomatic Service is still a weak link in the Imperial and national chain of commerce. We have been missing big business because our foreign customers don't know where to go.

I am glad to hear there is a new plan to use your young men to help our trade. Uncle Sam has done it already. Each of his embassies and legations is now a commercial agency for American goods.

Promotion in the U.S.A. diplomatic service goes largely by trade returns. By all means let us take a leaf out of his book in this respect.

The Prince of Wales has made himself the Ambassador of British trade. Some of your embassy exquisites can at least act as his "follow-up" men and help the boost along.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman JOHN CLAYTON,
Bolton, Lancs

DEAR ALDERMAN,—I pride myself on my name of John, and I am also proud that you bear it as well.

You have been quoting hard facts to the Bolton Public Assistance Committee and the Ministry of Health about the working conditions imposed in Bolton institutions.

Single men do nine hours a day for five days a week in order to qualify for out-relief of 10s. to 12s. 6d. Many of them have to walk three miles to work or pay their own fares.

Hospitals in Bolton are full of people suffering as the result of semi-starvation.

You have taken a courageous stand. Bully for you, Alderman John.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR MR. SNOWDEN,—If a man of comparative affluence sends his son to a university he is entitled to an income-tax rebate on the fees paid.

Yet a poorer man who articles his son to learn a profession can claim no rebate.

Times are hard, and professional premiums are often quite as high as university fees.

A favourite expression of yours is "What is sauce for the goose . . . ." How about a little rebate sauce from the rich goose for the poorer gander?

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Southport Corporation

DEAR SIR,—Your Tramways Committee's decision to stop blind people taking their dogs on to 'buses and trams is mean.

It would not cost you anything to allow the friend and protector of the sightless the privilege of travelling on a public vehicle, and it would mean a great deal to the blind.

I am all the more amazed at your action when I remember that when a recent conference was held in your town, you allowed the delegates to travel free.

Why not be fair?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEXANDER PATERSON,
Commissioner of Prisons

DEAR MR. PATERSON,—I am in complete agreement with your suggestion in the report of the Commissioners of Prisons.

The idea of paying prisoners for the work they do, not only restores some of their self-respect, but provides a basis of industrial training.

The system has been successfully operated in America and other countries, and I hope you and your colleagues will continue the good work in England.

The scheme is at least worthy of closer and continued examination.

JOHN BULL.

Master FREDERICK THOMPSON,
8, Mitford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR FRED,—You are only fourteen years old, but already you have saved two lives from the river Tyne.

When you were twelve, you could not swim, so you waded in to rescue a little boy. Your second successful effort saved a girl.

She slipped on the bank and fell in. You promptly dived after her and held her up until help came.

All Newcastle is proud of you and so am I. You are going to be the type of man that Britain needs.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

BISHOP OF SALISBURY: "On the question of marriage the world is bewildered."

People tied for life to lunatics and criminals have no uncertain views.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON: "Whatever may be true of Governments, the peoples at least are convinced that it is not by competing armaments that peace can be assured."

Keep on saying this to France and Italy.

* * *

DR. MARION PHILLIPS (at the Labour Women's Conference): "We have men stewards (as chuckers-out) because they can do their job, and do it with less injury to the women than would be the case in hand-to-hand fighting among the women themselves."

Gentle men!

Lt.-Col. W. PARKES,
St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

DEAR COLONEL,—Thousands of sufferers will support your contention that patients frequently have to wait for unnecessarily long periods before being admitted.

I welcome the suggestion that the British Hospitals Association and the Association of Hospital Officers should investigate the matter.

When it is all worked out, I suppose it will come down to the tragedy of insufficient funds, but it is good to see you stirring up things a bit.

JOHN BULL.

Major C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—I am not in love with the present system of spying on sorters. Supervisors with stop-watches have been hiding themselves and timing the rate at which letters are sorted.

If the speed drops below thirty a minute the men are reported, and several workers with long-service records have been "carpeted" as a result.

Has it occurred to you that the fear of being watched may make the sorters forget accuracy?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN SOVRANI,
Malmaison Restaurant, London, W.

DEAR MR. SOVRANI,—I like men of your stamp. When Eric Farren pleaded guilty to stealing three bottles of champagne from your premises, you spoke up and said they were for his sick wife.

More than that, you asked the court to give him a chance. It did so, and you promptly took him back into your employ.

I don't think Farren will let you down again.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. M. BONDFIELD,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MISS BONDFIELD,—I am glad to be able to congratulate you on your successful efforts to make employment exchanges more useful as job-providers.

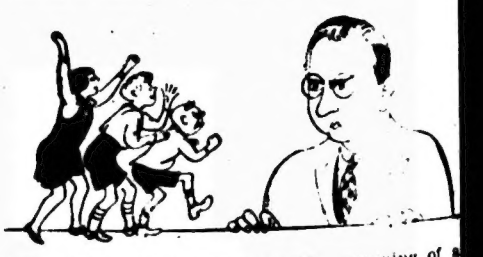
In the first four months of this year they placed 658,743 people in employment. That is 86,442 more than in the corresponding period last year.

If you continue to work hand in hand with returning prosperity, we shall get somewhere.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Kinematograph Renters' Society (Mr. Sam Eckman, Junior, President) obliges with—

A Bucketful of LOVE



IF you think that the life of a kinema renter
Is made up of beer and of skittles,
Then little you know of the worries that centre
Round this way of earning one's victuals.

The mighty producers provide us with pictures;
Our duty it is to display 'em.
And what's the result? Press and public pass strictures
Upon 'em and verbally flay 'em!

If one thing's not wrong, then, of course, it's another,
No matter for what class we cater.
No child, we are told, would to *this* film take mother,
No mother to *that* take the pater.

And now we're informed by the journalist Stentors
That youngsters with wisdom can feed us!
We're told, if you please, to take kids as our mentors—
Sit back and let juveniles lead us!

This is because some busybodies in Birmingham lately set up a Kinema Enquiry Committee and asked film-fans between the ages of eight and fourteen a lot of silly questions.

When the answers were classified it was found that "comics" are first favourites with youngsters, and that lurid love scenes are voted "potty."

Well, I'm sure I don't mind the infants having their say, for their fourpences are not to be despised.

But what we do object to is that some newspapers not only report, but support these juvenile opinions, telling us that the kids have voiced the views of film-patrons generally, and that if the kinema is to prosper some of its numerous sex-appeal experts will have to be sacked and laugh-makers installed in their place.

But what can the renters do? We have to give patrons not what they want, but what we've got, in the hope that when they get it we can make them think they want it.

At Hollywood everything is at sexes and sevens, and Elstree, not having discovered that imitation is the sincerest form of suicide, can mostly be relied upon to do the day after to-morrow what Hollywood did the day before yesterday.

Long before the critical cry of the children was heard, renters had begun to suspect that film-fans were becoming bored with pulsating dramas of purple passion, diversified divorce and variegated vamping.

But, all the same, we stoutly repudiate the suggestion that kinema patrons are starved of humour.

There is humour in the vamping of a vamp;
There is something truly comic in the way
That her body writhes and wriggles:
And who can refrain from giggles
When she rolls her roving eyeballs at her prey?

For a staid suburban couple there is fun
In a drama laid in high society.
Lady Mab, with her hot kisses,
Is so much unlike the missus
That no husband can restrain a wild "He, he!"

And that fascinating villain of the screen—
For ever setting fire to cigarettes
With a patent pocket-lighter—
Is a really funny blighter
Whom no wife who loves the mirthful e'er forgets.

If laughter, then, is what the public wants,
It need not go to Chaplin for a grin.
Here is value for its money;
For there's nothing quite so funny
As those films that spell it "cinema" the "sin."

THE CHALLENGE to the CHURCH

by A. G. GARDINER

"The conflict has brought Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, and . . .

THE grave clash between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Birmingham raises in the most formidable way the issue on which the Church of England is split. It raises it, too, at a time when the perplexities of the Church are most severe and its future is overshadowed with many perils.

The spirit of revolt and disintegration which is abroad in the world has not stopped at the economic structure of society. It has invaded the spiritual sphere, and especially the ecclesiastical sphere.

The revolution in Spain turns out to have been directed at least as much against the Jesuits as against the Throne, and in Italy a crisis which must have far-reaching consequences has arisen in the relations of the Pope and the Dictator.

And in this country it is not the Anglican Church only which is in distress. Every religious community is feeling the cold blast of a world in which indifferentism, even more than actual revolt, is everywhere apparent.

But the case of the Church of England is the most conspicuous, because its troubles are not only material, but doctrinal, and because its connection with the State gives them a political character.

And it is this doctrinal conflict which has brought Dr. Cosmo Lang and Dr. Barnes into collision, and has reopened the bitterest hostilities in the Church.

The trustees of the Church of St. Aidan's at Birmingham, who include the High Church Bishop of Truro, appointed the Rev. G. D. Simmonds to the living.

Unmoved by the law

Dr. Barnes, as the Bishop of the diocese, before admitting Mr. Simmonds to the living, demanded a written undertaking that he would obey the regulations of the Prayer-book and would not permit the reservation of the consecrated elements of the Holy Communion. He did this because reservation had been the practice at St. Aidan's.

Mr. Simmonds declined to give the undertaking. Dr. Barnes therefore refused to sanction his appointment. The trustees took legal proceedings, which Dr. Barnes ignored, and a writ was granted requiring the Archbishop to licence a fit person to the benefice.

Dr. Lang examined Mr. Simmonds, declared himself satisfied with his answers, overruled Dr. Barnes and admitted Mr. Simmonds to the living. That is the position as it stands.

It reopens the cleavage in the Church on the central doctrine of the Mass. Reservation of the consecrated elements—that is, the worship of those elements—is repudiated by Protestantism as a Romish superstition.

It is accepted by the Anglo-Catholics of the Church of England as a cardinal doctrine of the faith.

The controversy between Dr. Lang and Dr. Barnes involves the whole question of Protestantism *versus* Catholicism in the Church, and fans into flame the embers of the quarrel which has split Anglicanism into two camps for generations.

Impoverished clergy

It does so at a time when the Church can ill afford to be torn by civil war.

Apart from the doctrinal conflict, its position has become seriously imperilled by the widespread indifferentism that prevails and the economic pressure of the time.

In former days its ministry was recruited largely from the younger sons of wealthy families who were in a position to maintain the dignity of their office out of their private means. It offered, too, the attraction of a career to men of brains.

This has ceased to be the case. The old county families have been largely wiped out by generations of agricultural depression and by the exactions of taxation.

Moreover, the change in belief has kept out an increasing number of the brilliant men who in other days would have found their vocation in the Church.

The result is that not only has the standard of the ministry seriously declined, but that the numbers have fallen away and that widespread impoverishment prevails.

The archdeacon of a West Country archdeaconry recently gave me some lamentable figures illustrating the poverty of the clergy in his archdeaconry.

The curate has become almost an unobtainable luxury in a parish.

At a conference of clergy at Kendal the other day, the Rev. B. Pollard said that in the whole diocese of Blackburn there was only one church, that at Lancaster, which possessed curates.

In many village parishes the parson, with many more claims upon him, is in a far worse financial position than the village schoolmaster, who has a powerful trade union at his back and the State exchequer to draw upon.

Apart from questions of belief, men are refusing to enter a career which offers them hardly a bare living.

Woman prejudice

The deficiency, even for the barest needs of the Church, is now well over 1,000, and the situation is so grave that a reconstruction of the administration of the Church is understood to be on foot, which aims at closing redundant churches, amalgamating parishes, decreasing the number of services, and using churches in rotation.

The urgency of the crisis and the famine in clergy is forcing to the front the question of the admission of women to the priesthood. The ban placed upon women in the sphere of religion is one of the worst blots upon the Church.

In every other walk of life the old barriers of sex have broken down, and it is an insult to the modern mind that they should survive in a field where women are peculiarly fitted to serve.

What has hitherto been refused to reason and common sense must now yield to necessity. The subject has been discussed to weariness in Convocation and now calls imperatively for action.

With the admission of women to holy orders, one of the most serious difficulties of the Church will be overcome.

But behind all these internal and largely economic problems looms the great rupture in doctrine that the St. Aidan's incident has brought again to the front.

That rupture cannot be healed, and it is difficult to see how a Church divided against itself on fundamental articles of faith can prosper and present to the world that united front and conviction that alone can make it effective.

Disestablish!

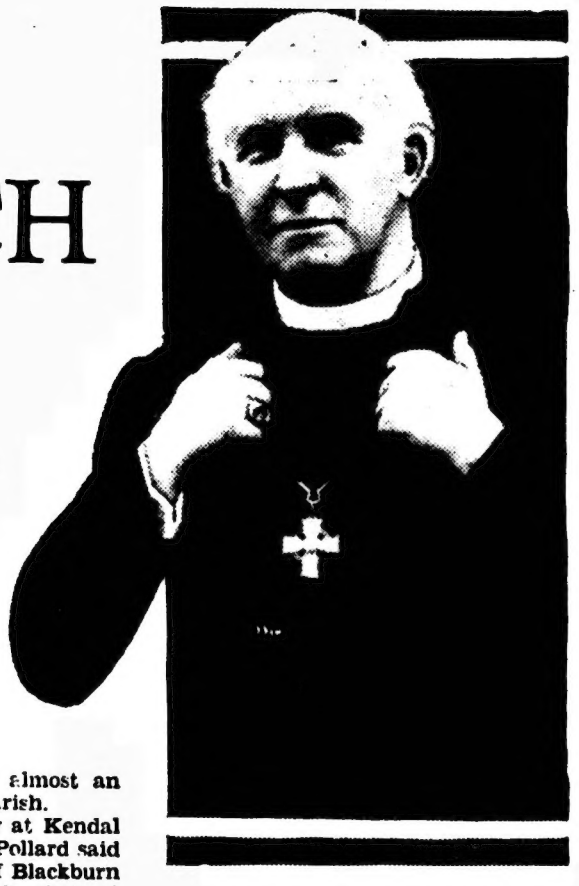
I see no possible basis of compromise within the national Church between those who believe that Protestantism is the corner-stone of the Church and those whose creed approximates to that of Rome.

The one solution seems to be the liberation of both from the bonds of a State Church which holds them in unhappy union.

A State Church in these days is at best an anachronism. In practice it has broken down and become the source of discord and strife.

Let Protestant and High Anglican go free to pursue their own ideals in the realm of the spirit.

Parliament as the guardian of the national faith is a grotesque failure, and politics and religion do not represent the marriage of true minds, but an artificial union of opposites that is always doomed to failure.



". . . Dr. Cosmo Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury, into collision"

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Dead Past

ONE of the most plaintive of Tennyson's well-known songs is that which opens thus:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Many tears are being shed in secret to-day over the memory of former joys and loves that have passed away for ever; but the bitterest of such tears are caused by the recollection of mistakes and failures that can never be atoned for in this world.

Bitterer still, perhaps, are the dry-eyed self-reproaches which a man addresses to himself in solitary hours as he recalls his irretrievable errors and follies.

In an unguarded moment you spoke unadvisedly with your lips and wounded a faithful heart. You would give all you possess to-day if that had never happened.

You may have done your best to wipe out the effect of that cruelty, but you can never quite succeed; you cannot unsay what you have said or regain the same footing of confident fellowship that you enjoyed before.

Perhaps the consequences of your lapse or series of lapses from what you knew at the time to be manly and right are still more tragic.

You were unjust, hasty and selfish in your attitude towards another. You were hard on your boy or girl, harder in speech and action than you really meant to be; and what was the outcome? You only wish you knew.

A light went out of your home then that has never returned. What has become of the youngster you drove forth no one can tell you and you may never learn.

Or have you ever by bad example influenced another life for evil and forfeited all right to offer rebuke and counsel for good when you see the evil producing fruits that make you shudder?

You made a bad slip yourself when you were young, and now when you try to warn the young of snares and pitfalls in their path they sneer at you.

They do not see you as you are: they see you as you were. "Who are you to pose as a model of rectitude?" they ask. "We do not forget your behaviour of long ago or the sentiments you then expressed; you are Satan reproving sin."

Or did pride once seal your lips when you ought to have acknowledged yourself in fault, and is it now too late to make amends? Death snatched the opportunity from you and left you with a void that can never be filled.

When people speak of the dead past they do not mean what is dead and done with, for in that sense nothing dies, and the dead past may be a dead weight that crushes hope and joy out of the mind.

Do not yield to it. Morbid dwelling upon the past does great harm to one's power of right living, and indirectly to the service we can render to others. Learn from your mistakes, but do not let them bind you and hold you down.

The only repentance that is worth much is the repentance that leads straight to higher, braver, cleaner life, and leaves all hampering laments behind.

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

The "Dynamite" MEDICINE MEN

The Low Green, Bradford, headquarters of Wynter Brothers

I HAVE before me an amazing series of complaints from small shopkeepers throughout the country who have many bitter things to say regarding the business methods of certain representatives of a firm of manufacturing chemists and druggists known as Wynter Brothers and Company, Ltd.

The headquarters of this company are at Low Green Works, Bradford, Yorks, but its travellers penetrate to almost every county, and even gather orders in remote towns.

Shopkeepers are frequently offered sole agencies for preparations known as "Easiped" and "Amovon Foot Paste," and in every instance before me the trader alleges that he has been saddled with goods far in excess of the quantity ordered.

A Lymington hairdresser, for instance, declares that while he signed a form under the impression that he would receive a consignment of three dozen outfits, valued at £1, he was actually supplied with twelve gross and presented with a bill for £45.

Stocked out!

"It would take me nearly fifty years to use up this quantity," he complains, "and similar transactions are going on all over the country."

He is quite correct in his statement. Complaints could scarcely be more widespread.

A widow writes from Bottesford, Leicestershire, saying that she was saddled with four and a half gross, when she thought she had merely signed for a few samples.

"This is only a small shop in a village with 1,300 population," she complains. "Trade is bad enough; it takes me all my time to meet my bills as it is."

A footwear specialist in Ammanford, Carmarthenshire, has a similar tale to tell, and mentions that he knows of nearly twenty other cases.

These few complaints in themselves are disquieting enough, but they give no indication of the widespread dissatisfaction that exists.

Indignant shopkeepers are to be found everywhere; I could quite easily fill several columns with their addresses.

Complaints have arisen in such places as Bargoed, Glamorganshire; Plympton, Devon; Letchworth, Herts; Oswestry, Shropshire; Fareham, Hants; Earls Colne, Essex; and Crewkerne, Somerset.

A run of victories

There are numerous dissatisfied Welsh tradesmen, and at least one complaint comes from Ireland.

As may be expected, a firm which has so many dissatisfied clients—there must be quite a hundred of them—has not kept clear from litigation.

It has sued many of the small shopkeepers who have refused delivery of consignments, and particulars of numerous court cases are now before me, in most of which judgment has been given for the firm.

At the same time, some traders have been able to sue Wynter Brothers and Company, Ltd., one being a Wigan woman, who recently claimed damages for alleged misrepresentation.

Her story is interesting. She is in business as a hairdresser, and was visited by a representative of Wynter Brothers, who offered a sole agency for "Easiped."

She signed what she believed to be an acceptance of a twelve-months' agency, and expected to receive a dozen outfits.

When twelve dozen arrived instead she promptly returned the excess number. The firm sued her for the full amount.

As she would have had to defend the action in Bradford County Court, this woman paid the money under protest, and then brought her own action for misrepresentation.

She was able to call evidence to show that "Easiped" was on sale elsewhere in Wigan, so that the "sole agency" offer was misleading.

She won her case.

Watch the book

But the cases in which shopkeepers have proved victorious in court are always in the minority, and the reason is not far to seek.

The tradesmen concerned now realise that they have been foolish in signing orders without demanding a duplicate or satisfying themselves fully regarding the extent of their commitments.

In all the cases I have examined misunderstanding and trouble would have been avoided had such elementary precautions been taken.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the majority of the shopkeepers have a genuine grievance.

I refer to those who have had to let their cases go by default because they live too far away from Bradford County Court where their actions have been heard, and consequently could not afford to attend.

Judge Roope Reeve realised the position at Pershore County Court early this year.

In a case before him where the amount in dispute was only £14 16s. 4d., his Honour expressed the view that it did not seem right that the defendant should be expected to travel as far as Bradford in respect of a debt incurred at Pershore.

Years to pay up

He found that there was undoubted hardship in the case, and fixed a rate of payment at 2s. 6d. a month, so that Wynter Brothers will not get the whole of their money until 1941.

The Retail Pharmacists' Union and Chemists' Defence Association, Ltd., has amassed huge dossiers of complaints, and finds it necessary to issue repeated warning to its members.

Various trade journals, too, have been flooded with complaints from their readers.

It is clear from the complaints before me that shopkeepers have no fault to find with the products of the firm.

It therefore seems all the more surprising that Wynter Brothers should be so shortsighted as to cause such dissatisfaction to those on whom they rely to market their products.

Make it clear!

Retailers surely deserve reasonable consideration, and when so many of them are voicing the same complaint they should not be forced to attend a county court, sometimes hundreds of miles away, in order to put their side of the case before a legal tribunal.

Messrs. Wynter Brothers and Company, Ltd., must see that retailers get fair play, and should instruct travelling representatives to place their offers before them in terms that cannot be so repeatedly misunderstood.

DON'T TAKE THIS ADVICE—

A RETIRED Army officer was recently offered employment with a firm of business consultants trading as "Henry Watson," at High Holborn House, 52 and 54, High Holborn, London, W.C.

The proposition was discussed at some length at the company's offices, when the applicant was told that he would be required to deposit £3 as evidence of his sincerity.

Convinced that there was a genuine prospect of obtaining remunerative work, the ex-officer agreed to pay this sum and was duly given a receipt, signed "Henry Watson, per P. J. Woods, Col."

That document is before us now, and is inscribed to show that the cash was paid "for services." Those services have never materialised.

Far from being assisted in his search for work, the ex-officer has been badly let down.

After waiting nearly three weeks, he received a letter from Colonel Woods, who stated curtly that he had severed his connection with the firm of "Henry Watson" for private reasons.

As Colonel Woods was the man who had made most of the promises to him, the ex-officer naturally felt uneasy. He endeavoured to get through on the telephone to the company's office, but without success.

Then he wrote to enquire what the position was now that Colonel Woods had left; but his letter was ignored.

We are not surprised at this silence, for investigation shows that the office at 52 and 54, High Holborn, is closed.

The company's notepaper gives another address at 49 and 51, Bedford Row, W.C., but actually this is merely a different entrance to the same block of offices.

Another director, G. Lind, is named on the notepaper, and it was he who engaged the offices, which were vacated suddenly a few weeks ago after the furniture had been reclaimed by the owners, whose account was unsettled.

The rent is still unpaid, and the firm of "Henry Watson—Business Consultant" seems to have vanished into thin air.

The BUCKET-SHOP BUCCANEER

THE philanthropy of some people knows no bounds. Take the case of W. H. Benson and Co., Ltd., of Berners Street, London, W. This bucket-shop firm almost falls over itself in its eagerness to make fortunes for others in stocks and shares.

In its own words, it is anxious to use its "experience and expert judgment in suggesting the security which looks the best, one that is as certain as human judgment can foresee to appreciate in value."

* * *

One of our Matlock readers has followed this company's suggestions, and is poorer to-day in consequence.

When, at one time, he wisely endeavoured to back out, W. H. Benson and Co., Ltd., urged him to continue following its advice, as the real rise was "only just commencing."

He foolishly yielded to this persuasion, and, like many other investors who have thus dabbled in options dealing at the instance of outside brokers, now realises that he has lost his money—in his case a matter of £75.

People who wish to speculate in stocks and shares should strenuously ignore all touting offers of quick fortunes made by outside brokers who pretend to be "in the know."

Famous Actress:

TERRIBLE BLUNDER

"Mrs. Elaine Fitzgerald, the fine singer who took a principal part in 'The Geisha'"

FOLLOWING our exposure of the appalling ease with which people can be deprived of their liberty and our emphatic challenge to the authorities, we are able to reveal another astounding instance of official blundering.

The case of Mrs. Elaine Fitzgerald, of "The Roses," Thames Ditton, Surrey, investigated during the past week, is one of the worst in our experience.

Mrs. Fitzgerald will be remembered by theatregoers of bygone years as Madame Elaine Darcia, the fine singer who took a principal part in the original production of "The Geisha."

Later she became known to a wider public as the only woman band-conductor in Europe.

Her skill as a musician and with the bâton was such that the officers commanding the regiments of the Brigade of Guards readily gave her permission to form composite bands of their selected bandsmen.

With these bands she gave performances in the principal theatres and concert-halls of the country.

Alarming intrusions

For the past ten years Mrs. Fitzgerald has lived in retirement alone and peacefully in her small Georgian home at Thames Ditton.

But the calm of her life has now been rudely and terribly shattered.

In the past nine months she has had four times to invoke the protection of the local police, and her final visit to them the other day had tragic consequences for herself.

Last September Mrs. Fitzgerald had a dispute regarding an account which she considered was excessive, and which she refused to pay without getting independent advice.

She alleges that she received a number of blows and was severely bruised.

When the affair was reported to the police, however, they were unable to proceed because there were no witnesses of the assault and corroborative evidence was lacking.

Not long afterwards Mrs. Fitzgerald was roused one night by sounds of someone forcing her hall door.

When she challenged the intruder he fled from the house, but in the hurry of escape he left his hat in the porch. The hat was taken possession of by the police, but the clue brought no success.

A month ago, while Mrs. Fitzgerald was away from home, the police arrested and prosecuted a man who, they said in evidence, had been found at night viewing the front of her house very keenly.

"Suicide" remark

This man, who had no connection with the previous incidents, was told by the magistrates that his conduct was very suspicious, and he was dismissed with a caution.

Then, some nights ago, Mrs. Fitzgerald, on returning home after a visit to London, found a man emerging from her garden hedge. She did not enter the house, but went straight to the police-station.

There she was ordered to be seated in the charge-room, and after a time a police surgeon arrived.

The doctor read to Mrs. Fitzgerald a report of the statement she was alleged to have made to the police.

This was that she had said she was "fed up" with life, was going to commit suicide, and had left a message to that effect at her home.

Mrs. Fitzgerald protested that there had been a terrible misunderstanding. She had, she explained, become somewhat annoyed soon after entering the station because of the repeated and quite unnerving experience to which she had been subjected.

In a moment of excitement, she admitted, she had declared that she was "fed up" with the continual worry of it all, and had said that "it was enough to make a person commit suicide."

Then the doctor said he had no option but to order her to be detained in an institution in view of the report made to him by the police.

Until midnight Mrs. Fitzgerald was held at the police-station in the custody of a matron.

Forcibly undressed

Then she was put in an ambulance-van and taken four miles away to the Kingston and District Hospital—an institution which JOHN BULL has often had to criticise.

There she was placed in the lunacy ward, and when ordered to undress she refused on the ground that she was being wrongfully detained.

Mrs. Fitzgerald carried on her passive resistance until the next afternoon, when she was given five minutes in which to undress.

She still held out, and on a given signal a file of six nurses entered.

Three of them held her while the others removed her clothing.

For five days Mrs. Fitzgerald was kept in a badly ventilated room, from the low roof of which was suspended a gas-lamp which burned until nine o'clock in the morning and produced terrific heat.

The only daylight came from a frosted window behind padlocked steel bars, and observation was kept on her through a peep-hole cut in the wall.

Cockroaches swarmed in the room. Her food was served by two inmates.

Repeated requests by Mrs. Fitzgerald that her local friends should be communicated with by telephone were refused.

A few hours after she had been removed to the institution the police had, however, sent a message by telephone to Mrs. Fitzgerald's sister, who is the wife of a hotel proprietor at Burton-on-Trent.

The sister had immediately sent a telegram to the hospital asking for information.

No reply went to her until the fourth day of Mrs. Fitzgerald's detention, and then it was in the form of a letter intimating that she had been admitted with a "mental breakdown."

This news amazed the sister, because only the week before Mrs. Fitzgerald had been on a visit to Burton-on-Trent, and was then in her usual good health.

Sane—harmless

Travelling to London at once, the sister had more cause to be astounded when she was allowed next day to see Mrs. Fitzgerald.

She was conducted along corridors with steel doors which had to be unlocked, and had to pass among lines of people in different stages of insanity.

She found her sister as she expected—sane and reasonable.

When she sought an interview with the doctor in charge, she was told that they had no choice but to detain Mrs. Fitzgerald as she had been sent to the place by the police.

The sister declared that she would spare no expense or legal effort to get her released from the extraordinary conditions in which she was a prisoner.

But the hospital authorities agreed at once to give Mrs. Fitzgerald her liberty.

Without more ado she was set free.

When she was put into the institution Mrs. Fitzgerald's purse, containing £4 10s., had been taken from her.

Amazing extortion

Before her departure she was told she would have to pay 8s. for her maintenance for each of the five days she had been detained.

Naturally, she declined to comply with this extraordinary order.

So the institution decided to keep all her money and has not yet surrendered it.

This is surely a case to which the Home Secretary cannot fail to give his attention.

An Upholstery Fleece

A "GOOD opening with a provincial upholstery business" is the bait used by a certain Richard Hemmings in securing investor-dupes; but he frames his advertisements so cleverly that even experienced business agents have been convinced of his sincerity.

One reputable firm was actually induced to handle his publicity and to send prospective investors on to him.

An applicant, introduced to Hemmings in this manner, was recently granted an interview at an office in Middle Street, Manchester.

The office consisted of a single room, but it was well furnished, and Hemmings explained that it was only a branch, and that the headquarters of Hemmings and Co., which was a flourishing concern, were in another city.

The outcome was that the applicant paid £150 on the understanding that employment would be found for him at the Manchester branch.

All went well until Hemmings suddenly absconded, and then the investor made a series of startling discoveries.

He had imagined himself to be a favoured applicant, "specially selected" for his qualifications: but with the disappearance of his employer he found that quite an extensive advertising campaign had been in progress and that Hemmings had "engaged" a number of other people who had similarly parted with cash for the privilege.

Even the office in which Hemmings interviewed his victims so impressively had been furnished with the aid of £100 obtained from another dupe.

It is doubtful, too, whether Hemmings is this clever trickster's real name, for others know him as Robert Redmond, William Edward Redmond and T. T. Bentley.

He is a man who has already served one prison sentence for swindles of this kind, and he has more than qualified for a further spell of detention. We shall be pleased to hear from anyone who can throw additional light on his present movements.

"Twenty minutes late — lucky I brought plenty of PLAYER'S"

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PLAYER'S

THE QUALITY AND QUANTITY CIGARETTE

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N.C.C 45

A Sherlock WHO NEEDS Shackles

Detective-Inspector Kirschner (above) can be relied upon to deal with this "detective," who is in his area

Sidney Rees (right top), chauffeur to Cooke, and Mervyn Fordham, who is still searching for his £100

AT 45, Shepherd's Bush Green, London, W., there is an organisation known as Cooke's Detective Agency. The scope of its activities, according to its printed matter, embraces all classes of investigations.

"Divorce . . . Blackmail . . . General Enquiries," we read upon its notepaper. "Businesses investigated . . . debts bought and collected . . . female detectives engaged and trained."

In view of complaints that have reached us from readers, we have been doing a little "general enquiry" work on our own account, as a result of which we are able to make some interesting disclosures.

The principal of this detective agency is a person called Stanley Cooke, who was formerly in the Yorkshire West Riding Constabulary.

Fee-snatcher

But if you think that he is thus well qualified to conduct "all classes of investigations," you are sadly at fault.

Stanley Cooke is the last person we should care to entrust with any enquiry.

Nor are we alone in this view. We have the backing of numerous people who have good reason to regret their dealings with this private detective, whose comprehensive branches of activity include fee-snatching and the passing of worthless cheques.

People now disillusioned regarding him include clients who have parted with stiff fees for services of doubtful value; pupils who have likewise paid heavily for alleged tuition; motor salesmen and garage proprietors and various creditors.

One young man, Mr. Mervyn Fordham, attracted by Cooke's offer of training, joined the agency in October last, paying a fee of £20 and depositing £100 as "security."

Whatever ambition he may have entertained about carving out a career as a detective was soon shattered.

For several weeks he received no training at all except that he was permitted to accompany Cooke from place to place in a car.

Watching—waiting

At intervals Cooke would alight and go about his detecting, leaving his pupil sitting in the car.

Presumably the privilege of being continually in the company of a real detective was considered a good grounding.

Eventually, however, the young pupil was put to work. He watched houses for hours on end, noting the comings and goings of the inmates.

These elementary duties were imposed upon him week in and week out; on Sundays and weekdays; morning, noon and night.

His "salary" at this time averaged a little over £2 a week, and it is hardly surprising that he finally wearied of the monotony and gave notice to his employer-tutor.

He left Cooke's Detective Agency early in March, and on asking for the return of his £100 security, was promptly handed a cheque.

He has that cheque still. But it is worthless, being neatly inscribed, "Refer to drawer."

This young man is far from being the only recipient of one of Cooke's worthless cheques.

Bluff on wheels

Judging from the number now in circulation, it would seem that the bank could save itself a lot of trouble by having an "R.D." rubber-stamp at hand.

Cooke undoubtedly impressed many of his clients by driving about in a luxurious car, but one vehicle he was using until recently has been seized by the owners because the hire-purchase instalments were in arrears.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The loss of the car to Cooke is probably a gain to certain garages who are already cherishing dishonoured cheques for repairs, petrol and incidentals of upkeep.

Cooke always does things in style, and while he had this car he also employed a chauffeur, Mr. Sidney Rees.

But we find on enquiry that the chauffeur was another of his "pupils," who was offered the opportunity of

(Continued in col. 3)

PRIZE-MONEY *Swindler* UNMASKED

KEEN public interest in competition schemes and skill contests of all kinds at present provide an ingenious master-crook with a new field for exploitation.

Though he chiefly favours the name of Leslie or Lawrence Fry, he also passes in the surnames of Swain, Parme, Gleesome, Hart and Gluesome.

The rôles he adopts are endless also. One day he is a "retired colonel," the next a "journalist." At other times he describes himself as a "special investigator" or an "official from the G.P.O."

Special investigations which we have made into his career enable us to reveal him as a resourceful rogue, who has defied the law for nearly twelve months, during which provincial police and Scotland Yard have been searching for him in vain.

Lawrence Fry is of cultured appearance and is approaching middle-age. He tours the country in a Citroen saloon-car, sometimes accompanied by a chauffeur; sometimes by an impressive-looking man who usually sits absorbedly perusing business documents.

When hubby's away

His victims, nearly all of whom are women, he selects from the ever-widening circle of people who enter for prize competitions more or less regularly.

At Preston the other day he visited the home of an habitual competitor, choosing a period when the man was away on a business trip.

Representing himself to the wife as the touring competition editor of a famous daily paper, and producing false credentials, Fry complimented the woman on her husband's success in winning a prize of approximately £100.

Owing to the Home Office controversy as to the legality of the competition, a rule had been framed that a proportion of the prize-money should go to charity.

The winner's cheque would be forwarded as soon as he agreed to this arrangement and handed over his own donation to charity.

The woman in this case was completely taken in by Fry's plausibility, and handed him a cheque for £20.

She is only one of countless housewives who have been gulled in this fashion, and Fry makes a point of visiting people whom he knows are able to find sums ranging from £10 to £20 on the spot.

He has perfected his story by repeating it constantly all over the country. Places visited in the last few weeks include Ashbourne, Newark, Hyde, Hull, Leeds, Cardiff and Exmouth.

His successes are so well sustained that he probably averages £100 a week.

Fry has had the audacity to pose as the representative of many reputable newspapers, including the *News of the World*, *Daily Mail*, *News-Chronicle* and *Sunday Chronicle*.

Woman-queller

His resource is shown by the fact that on one occasion, when a woman assured him that her husband had not entered any competition for some time, he declared, on hastily referring to his papers, that he had confused the case with another he was handling.

Apologising smilingly for his mistake, he recounted a different story to the effect that old readers were being permitted to participate in a scheme for distributing surplus profits provided they agreed to make a donation to charity.

His plausibility so prevailed that he covered up his real mistake and induced the woman to part with a "donation" before he left.

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that one so versed in deceit is a convicted rogue, with a reputation for preying upon women.

Some of his victims have been middle-aged women in whose homes he has lodged, and whose confidence he has gradually gained by offering to negotiate business transactions on their behalf.

A manifest lie

Sometimes he has even promised marriage, and always he has left his victim the poorer.

In one instance he reduced a Wymondham woman to her last penny.

This, then, is the rogue who is now operating his topical competition prize frauds with such widespread success.

The public should realise that no newspaper ever expects cash donations from competitors as Fry suggests; so if readers of this article are visited by him, or anyone practising similar deceit, they should at once inform the police.

Fry has already enjoyed far too long a run, and the sooner his swindling activities are curbed the better.

(Continued from col. 2)

"earning while learning" to be a detective.

He drove Cooke far and wide in all weathers, doing odd spells of detecting and debt-collecting as well for £3 5s. a week.

To-day he is no nearer realising his ambition of becoming a detective, but is out of pocket in respect of expenses incurred on Cooke's behalf, and has several weeks' wages still owing to him.

His plight is the sadder because he is now penniless and cannot draw unemployment relief as Cooke failed to stamp his card while he was working as a chauffeur.

His wife, too, is about to become a mother.

Then there is a client who entrusted Cooke with certain delicate enquiries which were spread over about a year, and for which he paid fees totalling several hundreds of pounds.

But he has not benefited in any way, and all he now has to show is an "R.D." cheque from Cooke for £10 and an I.O.U. for £15.

Cooke and his precious "detective agency" should obviously be avoided.

The most *interesting* hobby on earth

THERE'S no hobby like photography. Think of the jolly pictures you could get if you had a camera. Young Bobby trawling up seaweed—Milly going in at the deep end—George trying to ride the old road-mender's tricycle. Moments that pass so quickly, but you can snap them and hold them for all time if you have a camera. Photography is so simple and inexpensive nowadays that there is no reason why you should not begin at once. But keep to a good fast film—Selo for preference.

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If you wish to see how utterly different a film paper can be, don't miss No. 3 out to-morrow—a number which will set film fans buzzing with excitement!

Already "The Picturegoer" is more than a success—it is a triumph! The moment a new issue appears, there is a wish to buy it! Every week more and more film enthusiasts are falling victims to the sparkling eyes, provocative lips and lovely forms which assail the eye at every turn of the page.

Look out for the lovely cover in two colours.

Place a standing order with your Newsagent.

A Peep inside No. 3

Charlie's "Offence"—the truth
by Hannen Swaffer

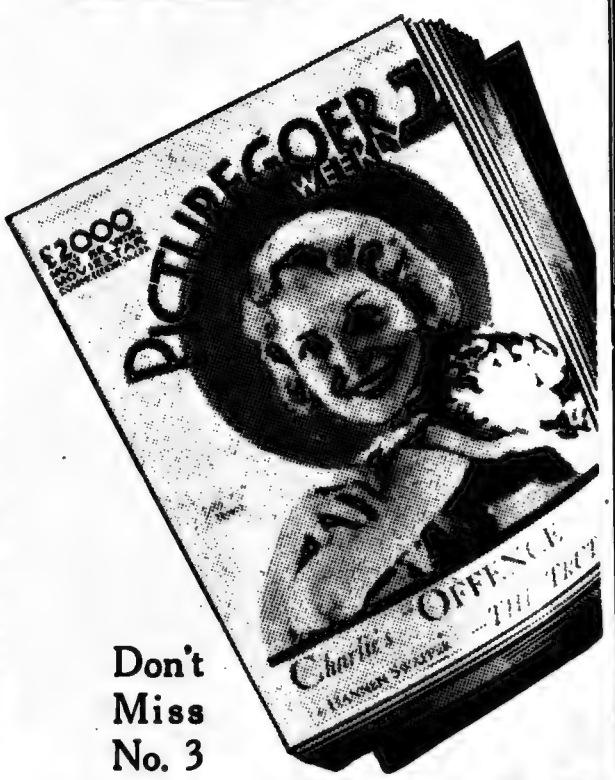
Charlie Chaplin, a few weeks ago the idol of England, is now everywhere criticised and attacked. Swaffer attacks too, but he also defends. Like everything from the pen of this brilliant writer, it is straight from the shoulder—the truth at last!

Stars they used to toast

They used to count their fan letters in thousands and get a thousand a week. Where are they now? The great screen personality who insured her golden voice for about half-a-million and hasn't made a "talkie" for over a year—where is *she* and many more like her? Stars the nations used to toast are no longer visible.

Smile that went round the world

Twelve pretty girls for the job and a hundred applicants! Suddenly one of the job-hunters had an inspiration. Leaning forward, she smiled the world's broadest smile. She clicked! That same smile conquered the world. It belonged to Norma Shearer. You will enjoy "She Smiled Her Way to Success."



Don't Miss No. 3

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY 2D

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

A QUEUE for Crime

IT'S A WONDER WE AREN'T WORSE!

by **E. ROFFE THOMPSON**

MOST people, I suppose, would regard crime as a personal failure—an individual vendetta against society.

I think that crime can much more properly be regarded as evidence of society's failure than of the failure of the individual.

We live under a system that not only does not prevent anti-social psychology developing, but that often deliberately fosters it.

A system of society that was just would at least give every one of its citizens a fair opportunity of refraining from criminal conduct; but the most cynical observer could not pretend that ours does anything of the kind.

For the vast bulk of our prison population is the direct result of poverty.

Sixty per cent. of those who go to prison are of the unskilled or the semi-skilled labouring classes, and no less than 80 per cent. are manual workers. The rich, spectacular criminal is, fortunately, the exception.

It is, therefore, distinctly encouraging, in face of these undoubted facts, to find, from the latest crime statistics which have just been published, that this country is getting better.

We are, despite all that judges may say, despite all the stories of overworked magistrates and overcrowded courts, tending towards a reduction of crime, towards a more orderly mode of life.

What society is suffering from to-day is very obviously the result of its own apathy and neglect; for, while crimes committed by persons between the ages of thirty and sixty show very marked decreases, those committed by boys and youths show equally marked increases.

Crowbars for idle hands

The reason is not particularly obscure. We have allowed a generation to grow up in our midst which has never known the value of honest labour. They have never, thousands of them, known the value of a decent home.

Their playground has been the street, and their moral education has been gained from companions as much adrift as themselves.

It is, in short, one of the most serious effects of the failure of statesmen to tackle the unemployment problem before it overwhelmed them that juvenile crime has increased by leaps and bounds.

Crime is an aspect of the unemployment problem that does not receive nearly sufficient attention; yet this is what the Prison Commissioners said as long ago as 1922:

"A man becomes gradually demoralised by prolonged idleness, and is more likely to drift into prison, either through debt or through committing some offence, after two years' unemployment than he is after one."

And Dr. Devon, of the Scottish Prison Commissioners, did not hesitate thus to express his considered view: "Those who have never felt the pinch of poverty, combined with the absence of friendly aid, can hardly imagine how men are embittered and goaded into acts of brutality; how they are tempted to seize desperately on every chance of even momentary forgetfulness of their fate."

Poverty-bred crime

Does anybody dare to deny that every word of that is true? And, in face of that, it is not pleasant to read in the latest report of the Home Office that:

"The increase in the number of offenders dealt with appears to be occurring principally in the North and mainly among the young, and to be the result rather of industrial depression than of any increase of juvenile depravity. It may be hoped that when trade and industry improve crime may diminish."

And again I ask, Who is really to blame? We, obviously. It is we who have allowed the conditions to mature in which juvenile crimes mature like germs in a carefully prepared culture.

There is one point that I think needs emphasising.

There are people to-day who want to see all the national services cut down, who want to see the unemployment benefit reduced and the housing programmes scrapped, who want to render poverty more poverty-stricken still, and would reduce to a mere subsistence-level the standard of life of those who, even as it is, can hardly live at all.

I think they should pause to consider whether our social services are not infinitely to be preferred—expensive though some of them may be—to a steady increase of a criminal and prison population.

As long as we persist in allowing something like two million children to go on living in "homes" that have been condemned as unfit for human habitation, we must not be very surprised if, year by year, the figures of juvenile crime tend to increase.

Still, with it all, juvenile crime is only one aspect of the problem, and, as I said at the beginning, we are getting better as a country.

Crimes of brutality have decreased, as have serious crimes against women and young girls, burglary, robbery and aggravated larcenies.

I have no doubt in my own mind that the decrease in the criminal statistics for the adult population reflects very exactly the measure of success we have attained in our attempts to ensure at least some bulwark against complete poverty and destitution.

And I think it is time that point sank well home in a good many minds.

Those who enjoy life are not the bulk of our prison population; they are the unfortunates for whom life is a constant terror, and to whom, all too often, death is a welcome release from an almost impossible existence.

Society's revenge

We shall abolish crime just as soon as we make life worth living for everybody.

Meanwhile we have crime and a good deal of it—and we also have a system of imprisonment for dealing with the offenders. That it is not an overwhelming success is becoming apparent even to those who have to administer it.

The Prison Commissioners themselves have admitted from time to time that imprisonment has no reformative effect whatever upon the greater part of the prison population.

That being so, we are left with the only alternative that it is nothing better than society's rather bovine method of revenging itself on those who seek to do it injury. It is not a very enlightened view.

It is rather surprising that, while we have for a good many years recognised that prison is not by any means the best way of dealing with the young offender, we still obstinately persist in believing that it is the right method of dealing with adult crime.

Some day we shall be enlightened enough to realise that such crime as is not the result of mental illness is the direct consequence of social injustice—and we shall order our criminal code accordingly.

Until then we might at least see that our treatment of crime is intelligent.

That it is not in the least intelligent at present is very clearly shown by the fact that about 62 per cent. of the men and about 83 per cent. of the women have been previously convicted *—many of them at least twenty times.*

Lessons in decency

The remedies do not seem to me to be insuperable. Probation should be used much more extensively than it is. The vast bulk of sentences range from one to three months—and what use are they from any point of view?

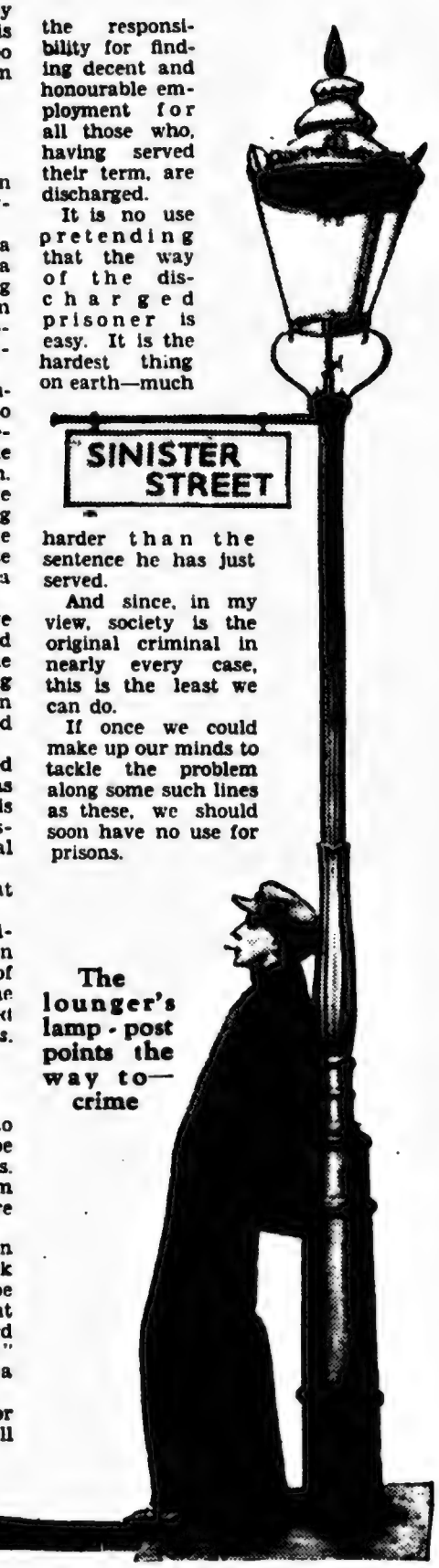
The real alternative to the prison system is the establishment of work centres to which offenders could be sent to learn how to become decent citizens. And I do not use that word "learn" haphazardly. I say "learn" because the majority have never had a chance to learn.

The other important thing is for society to undertake once and for all the responsibility for finding decent and honourable employment for all those who, having served their term, are discharged.

It is no use pretending that the way of the discharged prisoner is easy. It is the hardest thing on earth—much harder than the sentence he has just served.

And since, in my view, society is the original criminal in nearly every case, this is the least we can do.

If once we could make up our minds to tackle the problem along some such lines as these, we should soon have no use for prisons.



The lounger's lamp-post points the way to—crime

The Human Machine

MENTAL EARTHWORMS

AN American flying man said the other day that when a man has done a lot of his thinking on the topside of a cloud, the old world he has known will never again seem quite the same.

"No one can fly thousands of miles," he said, "without developing a new dimension. He isn't just the same old earthworm, and that's that." What is true of an occasional aviator should be doubly true of any man or woman who has once glimpsed the vision of better things to be.

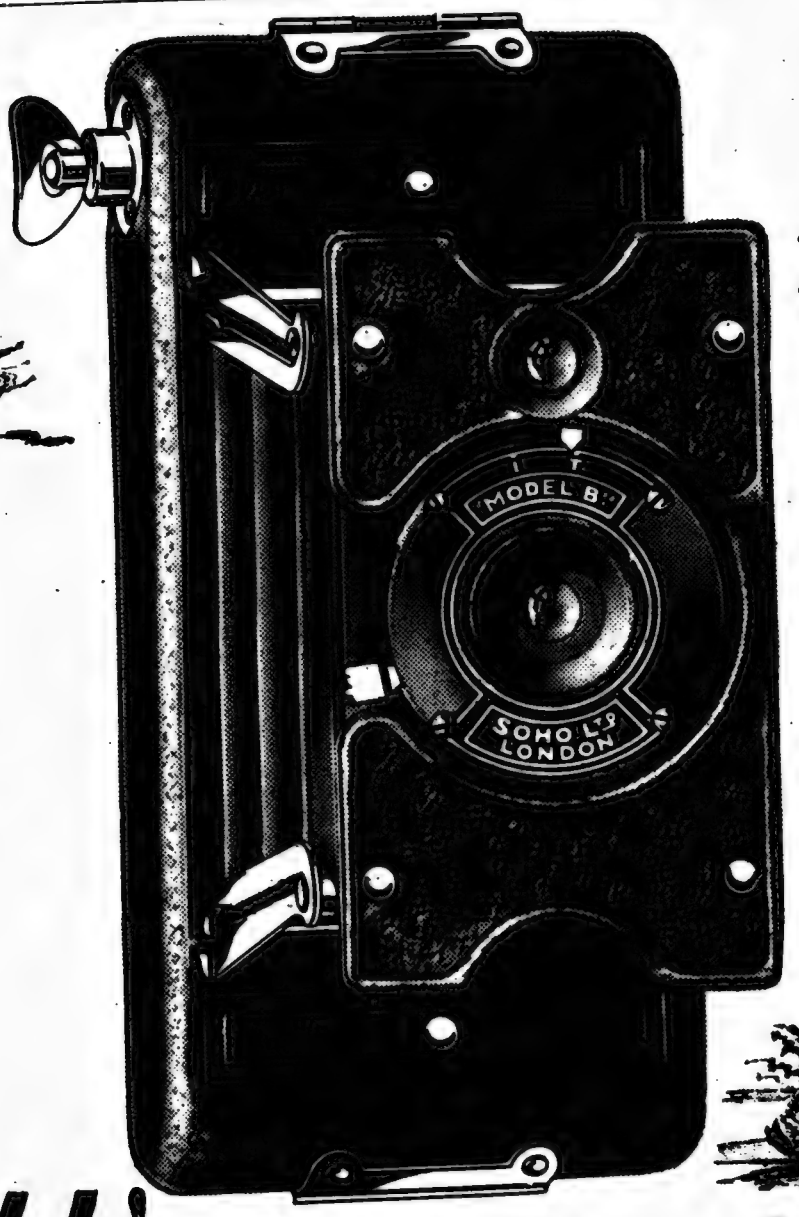
The human mind does not need to get on the topside of a cloud in order to dream dreams and see visions. It is not necessary to go up in an aeroplane in order to cease to be an earthworm.

We can all think and plan for the future; we can do it as we work or as we play; we can do it in an armchair as well as in an aeroplane.

But, while we should all strive to use our powers to push this old world on another step, we should never forget that there's a tremendous difference between glimpsing a vision as a spur to endeavour and settling down to the hard work and often thankless task of working out that vision into practical realities.

The man who has seen the vision has done something worth while; but the man who is prepared to work to make the vision come true has done far more.

And we should never forget that until a dream can be made to work, it remains—a dream.



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WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

"Meet Miss Domestic Service," says Miss Bondfield. "The more you know her the better you'll like her."

"Our Maggie"—and MARY ANN

WHATEVER Lancashire's unemployed mill-girls may think of Miss Bondfield, we admire the way in which she has stuck to her guns over the domestic service controversy.

"Our Maggie" is a woman of strong common-sense, and she will not allow false notions and silly prejudices to obscure the plain fact that, in this period of general unemployment, domestic service is the only great industry which requires more workers than it can get.

It is not that we do not sympathise with the workless mill-girl. To anyone of imagination it is easy to understand how bitterly many of them must resent what they regard as the enforced sacrifice of their liberty and sturdy independence.

Nevertheless, it is clearly better for the girls themselves that they should earn their living in a new calling rather than continue in enforced idleness upon State assistance.

The Ministry of Labour and the Central Committee on Women's Training are doing what they can to make the transition less difficult and to make the mill-girls realise that they are exchanging one skilled job for another.

Did in the war

WHEN she opened the new training-centre at Warrington, Miss Bondfield compared the change now taking place with the great change of the war years, when many thousands of women were suddenly called upon to take up entirely new work in the munition factories.

It was a case of national necessity then, and it is no less a case of national necessity now. Unfortunately, whereas women of every class were willing and eager to do war work, however arduous, they are far less willing to enter domestic service.

Why? Because so many people still confuse service with servility and still look upon cap and apron as the badges of social inferiority, and not as the uniform of an honourable calling.

Until these false ideas are removed and until this old-time prejudice is wiped out, you will always find that women workers will resist the transfer from the factory to the kitchen.

In addition to this general prejudice, many cotton operatives and other factory-hands now without work are naturally afraid of leaving a union for a non-union job.

There is no trade union of domestic servants, and perhaps it is time that one was formed. We say "perhaps" because the obvious difficulties to be overcome are many and serious.

By its very nature domestic service is difficult to arrange on a time schedule of so many hours a day and so many shifts a week. And, in homes where one servant is kept, mistress and maid can only run the house efficiently by an elastic system of give and take.

They ignored it

HOWEVER, it may be that these difficulties can be overcome. Miss Dorothy Elliott, in her presidential address to the National Conference of Labour Women at Blackpool, evidently pinned her faith to the much-talked-of Domestic Workers' Charter as the way to make domestic service recognised as a "skilled occupation, well regulated, well paid, and no longer the Cinderella of the trades."

Our own view is quite simply that neither charter nor trade union—however desirable they may be in theory—is of much practical importance at the present time.

It is worth noting that, although 15,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled "What's Wrong with Domestic Service?" were sent out by the Labour Women, only 119 domestic servants thought it worth while to reply to the question.

The reason is that any capable servant to-day can command a fair salary, reasonable working hours and generally acceptable conditions of employment. If she is not getting these, she must chiefly blame herself. For her remedy is simple. She has but to give notice and obtain a fresh situation.

There are more than a million women in domestic service. There is no other industry so important numerically except agriculture. And it may well be that there is no other of more real value to the State.

Gretchen takes the job

IT is a fact beyond dispute that good servants are hard to get. It is also a fact that girls from Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark and other Continental countries are coming here in increasing numbers under temporary permits to take jobs in domestic service.

These foreign girls have no difficulty in obtaining work. Most of them, it is true, come here chiefly because they want to learn our language.

But there is clearly something wrong with conditions which permit so many aliens to be employed while thousands of our own womenfolk are idle.

Something wrong; but what is it? The real trouble in domestic service is, we repeat, the old-time prejudice which new conditions have not yet been able to destroy.

A generation ago the domestic servant was habitually underpaid, often overworked, and nearly always treated as a menial.

To-day, speaking generally, she is well housed, well fed and better off financially than many other women workers who still turn up their noses at domestic service.

More than this, she is respected and self-respecting. She has her fixed evenings out and her afternoons off, and she has reasonable leisure time every day of the week.

We know there are many exceptions. There are still far too many mistresses who keep to the bad old ways and far too many servants who put up with them.

But the bad mistress, who treats her servants as though they were slaves, is doomed to extinction. She must reform or else do without a servant at all. Her very selfishness and laziness and snobbery will force her to fall into line with modern progress.

We appeal to all employers of domestic servants to help forward the coming of the day in which working girls can enter service without fear and without loss of self-respect.

Apart from every other prejudice and difficulty, what the mill-girl chiefly fears is the sacrifice of her precious liberty. To some extent that sacrifice is inevitable because most servants must live in.

But if they can once be assured that their time off is absolutely their own; if they can feel that at times they may entertain their friends in a home which is their own as well as their employer's, and if they are treated always with consideration as valuable workers doing useful and important work, domestic service will indeed cease to be the Cinderella of the trades.

And, further, more and more women will begin to realise that in this trade they are training for the greatest of all professions—that of wifehood and motherhood.

What a fine wife!

MAKE no mistake about it. Even now intelligent working men are beginning to realise that the capable domestic servant is the girl most likely to prove an efficient wife. Mary Ann is at a premium in the marriage market.

We welcome every effort to improve her status. But though Ministers and conferences, charters and training-centres may do a great deal, what is chiefly needed is a change in public opinion.

Good servants are helping to effect that change themselves. Good employers are doing so as well. And fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers can all help.

Domestic service is an honourable and useful calling. It will become a popular one when every cheap sneer is silenced, every stupid joke grown stale, and we ourselves accord it the respect it deserves.

Greyh G

Mick the Miller—world champion —has put some bookmakers out of business

"Millions of people go regularly to the dogs." The long beauties thoroughly enjoy the game themselves

THERE is something faithful and beautiful about a dog. When he runs in the roar of a great crowd there is no jockey on his back. Whether he wins or loses he licks your hand.

Has this something to do with the attraction of dog-racing in Britain—the scores of race-tracks, the millions of people who go—regularly—to the dogs?

There are more people directly interested in the Dog Derby than in the Epsom Derby itself.

You can't own a Derby horse winner, but you can have a personal interest in a dog, and even if you have not that particular thrill, you can go and see the dogs run any night within a tram ride of your doorstep.

People will go every other night from now until Saturday, June 27, when the final of the Greyhound Derby will be decided at the White City Stadium, London.

On tip-toe

In that short period probably 300,000 people will have witnessed nearly a hundred dogs competing for the Blue Riband of track-racing, and many times that number, scattered all over this country and Ireland, will wait with eagerness the result of each preliminary heat until the final is reached.

For towns now take pride in their greyhound-racing champions just as they do in their star football players and cricketers.

The best dogs from every district have gone forth for the Derby contest, and local enthusiasm and general public interest in this comparatively new sport are represented by the fact that there will be an estimated betting turnover of nearly £1,000,000 on this event alone.

Fortunately, those who became associated five years ago with the inauguration of this branch of racing aimed high.

They foresaw that the sport would collapse quickly if the utmost standard of efficiency was not set from the start, both in its amenities and administration.

Race-tracks were built on a more ambitious scale than had been the case with sports-grounds previously, accommodation was made cheap, spacious and comfortable, and only those whose credentials could bear scrutiny were permitted to share in the conduct of the racing.

From the outset, JOHN BULL emphasised the necessity for a system of government modelled upon that of horse-racing.

Our opinion was accepted and expressed in the formation of the National Greyhound Racing Club, which deals with all domestic matters, grants licences to tracks and trainers, keeps a register of greyhounds in the form of a stud book, and is the court of appeal in all disputes.

Its Rules of Racing govern all licensed tracks, and the legislators by their fearless disinterestedness have won the complete confidence of the multitude which has become attached to the pastime.

It is now, in truth, a multitude. In the past twelve months the attendance at the thirty-seven licensed tracks, excluding grounds which have not applied for or have been refused recognition and tracks where Sunday racing is held, was 17,119,120 — 329,213 weekly.

To this aggregate six London tracks contributed 8,619,217; Manchester, 1,724,406; Glasgow, 1,607,431; Cardiff, 674,017; and Birmingham, 428,192.

Judged by attendance, the most popular track is Harringay Park in London, where in twelve months more than two million people have passed the turnstiles.

Few other sporting meetings, except the Turf Derby at Epsom and football cup finals and internationals, can claim 70,000 spectators as has happened at the London White City.

Certainly there are no sporting assemblies of the size which go on daily and nightly all the year round in every part of the country.

Last year the Exchequer received nearly £200,000 in entertainment-tax from greyhound racing, and the London tracks alone contributed about £15,000 to charities.

It would be as hypocritical to ignore the influence of betting in this sport as it would be to accept the theory that the Turf is popular merely because the Briton loves a horse and wishes to encourage the blood-stock industry.

Long-odds thrill

Without question, however, the betting odds in greyhound racing are more generous than those obtainable on the racecourse.

The prices offered by bookmakers in the rings and returned by the totalisators in the club enclosures are more remarkable still when the comparative smallness of the fields is considered—the maximum number of dogs in a race being four in hurdle and six in flat events.

A little doctoring by specialists

The contrast is heightened also by the fact that the speeds and form of each greyhound competing are known by the public to hundredths of a second.

Yet it is common for a favourite in a greyhound race to start at odds of 3 to 1 against. Why should this be so compared with what may seem to be the cramped prices given so often even in big fields in horse-racing?

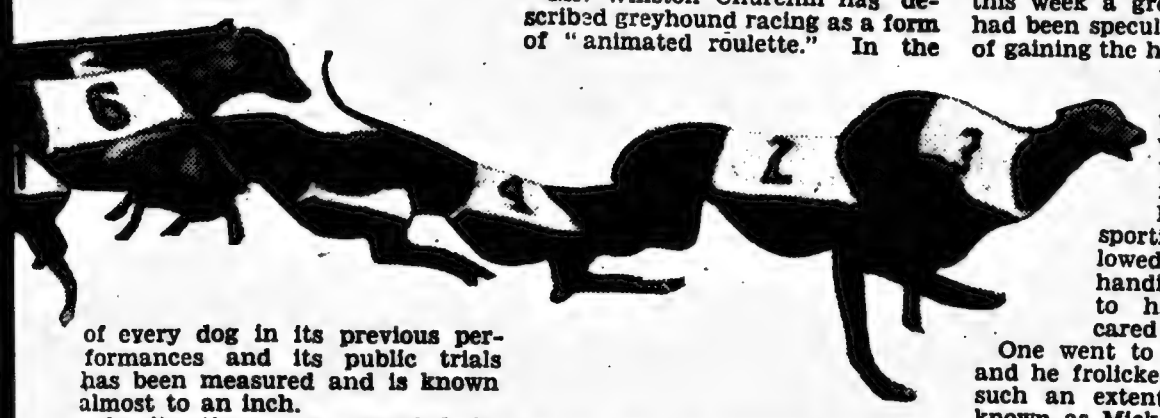
It is certainly not due to bookmakers becoming more benevolent when they change the scene of their operations.

The explanation is that the form

ROMANCE of the DOG DERBY

THE GREAT Greyhound GAMBLE

Speed in excelsis—he means to have that hare!



with animals of equal merit, the contest has a particularly open aspect.

Owners and their friends and the partisans of each dog bet, therefore, with a freedom and confidence which invariably earns a substantial dividend for those who find the winner.

It is seldom that odds have to be betted on a dog, and it is equally unusual for a greyhound to enjoy a runaway victory. When this happens it is more often than not caused by a mishap during the race.

Mr. Winston Churchill has described greyhound racing as a form of "animated roulette." In the sense that the bettors have equal chances in the play and that success brings nice rewards, he was accurate.

of every dog in its previous performances and its public trials has been measured and is known almost to an inch.

As its times are recorded in hundredths of a second, the margin of miscalculation is practically nil, and when, as should happen in every race, it is grouped

Greyhound racing has revolutionised the system of timing speed. The old fifth-second, hand-controlled stop-watch, used with visual observation of the start and finish, has been discarded for electrical timing by invisible rays.

A beam of light, which cannot be seen by the dogs, is focused across the finishing line from the judge's box upon a selenium cell inside the winning post.

By electrical connection the time recorder is set in operation when the trap is raised and the dogs released, and it is stopped when the winner breaks the ray.

A problem of the sport which will never be satisfactorily settled is whether the greyhound realises that the hare which it pursues and which makes the pace is a dummy.

Hares could kill!

But the definite opinion of those of long experience in coursing who have taken up the track sport is that a dog soon becomes aware that it is chasing a myth.

This, they hold, accounts for some of them losing their keenness to race and others of more genuine stamp proving that they race for racing's sake.

These fur-coated dummy hares are tremendous things of solid steel—travelling with the velocity of express trains — on trollies weighing 12 cwt. and requiring immense power to brake them to a standstill within twenty yards at the finish of a race.

The "hare" travels about 3,000 miles on each course in a season's racing.

Track-racing has brought about a remarkable development in the breeding of greyhounds, particularly in Ireland. Many famous animals have been sent from there to Britain, their most wonderful representative being the Derby winner in each of the past two years, Mick the Miller.

No animal in any branch of racing has ever been such a pronounced public favourite as this dog, and long before the present Derby competition commenced this week a great sum of money had been speculated on his chance of gaining the honour for the third time in succession.

It may be said that Mick was born with a blessing. He was one of a litter in the kennels of Father Brophy, a sporting priest who followed the custom of handing over puppies to his friends to be cared for.

One went to the village miller, and he frolicked in the bakery to such an extent that he became known as Mick the Miller.

Mick, who is now owned by Mrs. A. H. Kempton, the wife of a principal of the Wimbledon Stadium, who paid £2,000 for him, has in two years in England won £8,000 in prize money and twenty trophies.

Wonderful dog

At different times his success has caused four substantial bookmakers temporarily to suspend business.

Possessing natural racing skill, great speed and track sense—the sense to seize an opening and take full advantage of it — he has thrilled countless people by his amazing running.

Mick the Miller is, of course, the world champion by virtue of having covered 525 yards in 29.55 seconds. This is at the rate of nearly 18 yards per second, or 36½ miles per hour—a speed almost equal to that of the fastest sprinting racehorses.

The other records on the flat are: 500 yards, Brunswick Bill (Harringay), 28.81 seconds; and 700 yards, Bradshaw Fold (West Ham), 40.04 seconds. In hurdling, the honours are: 500 yards, Douro (Manchester), 29.55 seconds; 525 yards, Front Rogue (White City, London), 30.52 seconds; and 700 yards, Merry Matt (Wembley) 41.52 seconds.

Training of greyhounds has reached a high standard, and on the early judgment of trainers everything depends.

Good-class breeding is naturally of great advantage, but the points the buyer should look for in saplings, which need to be well developed, are deep chest, long neck and shoulders.

The rule of the N.G.R.C. is that greyhounds must be fifteen months old before being allowed to race, but the Greyhound Racing Association will not race them until eighteen months.

It costs an owner £1 a week to keep a greyhound at the recognised track kennels and to be prepared for racing.

He can share in an annual prize fund of £230,000, exclusive of the value of the trophies and side-stakes—or about £1,000 a night all the year round.

They feed high

Much care is taken in the diet, and the dogs are fed on the most wholesome food.

They have two meals a day, the first at eight o'clock in the morning, which consists of bread and milk, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, when they are given a more substantial feed.

This is made up of soup, in which sheep's heads, calves' heads and the like are boiled, and is followed by a stew of beef, wholemeal bread, biscuits and plenty of green vegetables.

Occasionally this is varied with a little fish and mutton.

On a day when a dog is racing it has a breakfast as usual, though eggs are sometimes added, and then at four o'clock, its usual dinner hour, it is given something light, egg and milk or a little minced beef.

This is really to keep the animal contented and prevent it worrying through seeing the others feed. When cooled down after racing it is given the substantial meal of the day.

The price of an animal capable of winning the first race on a programme, which is regarded as the modest one, is about £50, but something like £500 would be asked for known performers of good class.

Family fun

An interesting feature of racing is the manner in which the sport is supported by family parties, who have made attendance a regular item in the week's programme.

Superstition plays an important part with many of them. People will enter by the same turnstile and take up the same point of vantage at every meeting.

At one London track last year an elderly couple had been noticed in the same spot each night. They mentioned that they had been "glued" there from the first meeting, five years ago.

The management has now presented them with season-tickets!

Happy, healthy men who wish to get the most satisfaction and the least harm from smoking —— smoke Manikins.

Economically wise, they know that Manikins give more pleasure and satisfaction—more smoke joy for their money.

There's no question of "one-after-the-other" with Manikins, for they are made from tobacco with body and flavour enough to satisfy, yet they are kind to the palate; smooth as an old port; delightfully mild and fragrant.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

HAY FEVER
STOP
your Hay Fever in 30 seconds with Nostroline Nasal Specific. Soothes away irritation, discomfort and discharge. Combats germs dust and pollen. All chemists 1/3
Free sample on request.
"Nostroline," J. 22, Clifton, Bristol.
NOSTROLINE

RATS *in* FUR COATS

The Coming of a Tiny Invader

Dr. Christopher Addison, Minister of Agriculture. Does he realise how menacing that rat is?

FEW of the thousands who visit Regent's Park, London, to feed the grey squirrels and to marvel at their tameness realise that they are fostering a pest in our midst.

Yet the truth is that since its introduction to this country the grey squirrel has multiplied so rapidly that it has almost ousted our own red squirrel from his native English woods and has proved infinitely more destructive

Pests are like that. From a beginning that is so simple as hardly to occasion notice they may develop to an amazing degree before anyone is alive to the menace that their presence implies.

The introduction of rabbits into Australia, as everyone knows, cost the Commonwealth a fortune.

We like to think of Britain as free from pests, and an occasional reference in the Press to the effect that someone is breeding musk rats because musquash fur is in favour probably passes unnoticed.

Gnawing peril

If we think of it at all, it is to reflect upon a growing industry, and we never suspect that where a few are profiting to-day the nation may well lose heavily in the future.

But the fact is that the musk rat is a peril which must be tackled drastically and at once unless we want the countryside to be overrun.

Apparently the Government but faintly realises the gravity of the position.

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries is only asking for information about musk rat farming instead of getting busy about a very serious job

It is rather like shutting the door after the horse has been stolen, because the musk rat is already a real menace in this country. Immeasurable damage was done to crops and garden-produce on the Continent before the various governments put a ban on the import of these rodents.

The danger to Great Britain lies in our great mileage of unwatched and unused canals. The musk rat burrows in the banks and is amphibious. It is, by choice, a vegetarian.

These two facts call for little exercise of the imagination to picture the immense damage that can be done to canal and river banks and to fields and gardens.

It eats gold

Hundreds of miles of canal banks prevent the water flowing on to the flat cornlands that are at a lower level.

It is here that the musk rat will go, for it loves the fresh shoots of corn and the tender leaves of other crops.

An authority recently said: "In a highly cultivated country like Great Britain, the support of an additional rodent is bound to be of considerable economic importance if its numbers become at all large."

In other words, the presence of a rapidly increasing menace like the musk rat is going to result in damage to land and crops and the loss of large sums of money.

At the moment, the authorities are complacently asking for information, while self-interested importers are laying the foundations of a far worse plague than the little grey squirrel.

Musquash fur comes from the musk rat, and, for this reason, people are importing it into this country under the impression that there is money to be made.

There is no profit in musk rat farming, but before experience has convinced the experimentalist, sufficient strays will be at liberty to start a real plague.

It must be remembered that it belongs to a family that breeds fast. Its kindred rodent, the rabbit, was introduced into Australia by Thomas Austin in 1859.

He turned loose a dozen, and six years later killed twenty thousand without making any apparent difference to their numbers.

The musk rat has from three to five litters each year. Each litter numbers from three to eight, and those of the first litter are themselves breeding before the year is out.

It is no idle scare to assert that these rats are already at large in England.

Going back over the records of the last half of 1930, we find that two of these rats escaped from captivity at Glenbervie, in Kincardineshire, last October. They were never caught.

Roamers

Last December it was proved that musk rats were at large in the neighbourhoods of Louth, Lincolnshire, the Solway Firth, and the Highlands of Scotland.

Two rats imported in 1928 escaped, and were later found to have been breeding in a lake near Dumfries.

As recently as April, a large female rat was killed at Freshfield, near Liverpool. Still more recently, one was killed by a motor-car on the Oxford road near Reading.

The *Glasgow Herald* has already remarked on the dire possibilities of this pest in Scotland. That paper said:

"They have caused serious damage to fish hatcheries. . . . The fear is that the problem is already out of hand. Accordingly, it behoves the Legislature to take prompt action.

"If a lesson is to be learned from the disastrous experience of Germany, it seems imperative that musquash breeding should be prohibited by law."

Keep 'em out!

The matter is one of great urgency, and the Ministry of Agriculture should follow up its request for information with an embargo on the importation of the musk rat and an order for the destruction of those already in this country.

There are sufficient parasites on the food supplies of the people without adding this new anxiety.

THIS BAKER *Says an* OVENFUL!

MR. ROBERT WILSON, of Co-operative Buildings, Kelty, Fife, is a baker. And in his spare time he indulges in what he manages to call a 'busman's holiday.

This is how he works it out: In JOHN BULL'S Crossword puzzle there is a labyrinth of ovens all waiting to be filled from the raw material of clues below.

The other week, says the baker, he examined this raw material as usual; kneaded it, and then, carefully, squarely he apportioned it to the ovens.

The oven-doors were closed—in an envelope—and the bake went on.

And when the doors were opened—the best bake of a lifetime!

Mr. Wilson had won our £1,000 Crossword prize in Competition No. 115.

• • •

"My wife and I have tried for a long time to capture this big prize," he told us, wiping a floury hand on a handkerchief; "we've been stickers, though—and this is the result.

"Your competition has always appealed to us mainly because of the fair way in which it is run.

"We haven't quite decided yet what is going to happen to the money, but we are seriously thinking of visiting our son in Canada to begin with."

• • •

You don't have to be a baker to win that weekly Crossword £1,000—but you might try his method on the contest set this week on page 32.

THE BIGAMIST'S BEST FRIEND

Crossing the threshold—to what destiny? He may be a bigamist

IN Great Britain to-day you will find it a simple matter to register the birth of a baby which has never been born, or to get married although you have a wife or husband still living. It is even possible for you to bury a person before he is dead.

Loopholes, these, in a system which costs the country £200,000 a year to maintain.

In many respects, of course, our elaborate system for the registration of births, marriages and deaths is an admirable one.

It enables brides and bridegrooms, if they desire to do so, to get married without going to church, and it permits babies to be named, if the parents prefer it, without having them christened.

Unfortunately, it also makes fraud, suicide and murder easier—at the same inclusive price.

Begin with the babies. As often as a child is born the law requires that, within six weeks, the birth shall be notified to the district registrar.

Strangely, however, not the faintest obligation rests upon this official to satisfy himself that the information is true.

There is no need for a certificate from the doctor or midwife present at the confinement. The registrar need not see either of the parents.

£ s. d. babies

The registration will be quite in order if the information is supplied by the occupier of the house where the baby was born, by any person stating that she witnessed the event, or by anyone having charge of the child.

Commonly, it is the father or mother who furnishes the required particulars. Even so, there is no safeguard at all against fraudulent registrations.

Dream babies can as easily be named and numbered as if they were at home squalling down the roof.

If a man's imagination runs to twins he is enabled to walk out with the required birth certificate. If he is unemployed he may present this at the local exchange when next he draws his "dole."

It is all very well to say that such things do not happen. The point is that there is nothing in the regulations—apart from the penalties which may be imposed when false declarations are discovered—to prevent them from happening.

As regards stillborn infants, there are even more sinister possibilities. It is necessary only for the mother to make a declaration that no doctor or midwife was present at the birth, and that the child was born dead.

The registration official will accept the statement and then dismiss it from his mind; there will be no coroner's inquest, no examination of the body, no investigation at all.

Coming next to marriages, we find the same deplorable negligence. The prospective bridegroom is casually asked whether he is a bachelor or a widower.

In their order he gives his name and that of his bride, their respective ages, where they each live, with such irrelevant additions as the occupations of their parents, perhaps long deceased.

Bigamy is so easy

But never by any chance is a man offering himself for marriage asked the one question which above all others is vital—if he has a wife still alive.

Consequently, bigamy is among the easiest of crimes, and the assize judges up and down the country are made familiar with the most heartrending tragedies of betrayal and ruin.

Also, undesirable foreign women, hundreds of them in the past few years, have avoided deportation by acquiring British citizenship through bigamous marriages with dupes or accomplices of our own race.

Bigamy could be stamped out entirely if we were in earnest about it.

Perhaps the simplest plan would be to endorse every citizen's birth certificate with particulars of his or her marriage.

After this no second wedding would be legal except upon production of the certificate, with satisfactory proof that the earlier partnership had been ended by death or divorce.

In almost every country except Great Britain some such safeguard against plural marriages is in use.

Imagine a civilised country in which there can exist a man like George Joseph Smith, who, apart from the brides he drowned in their baths, is credibly reported to have "married" about twenty women in the space of eleven years; at register-offices, nicely, quietly, without irksome enquiries, with the aid of slipshod laws.

The law governing death certification is in a state of barbarism.

The time will come, no doubt, when it will be a penal offence for a medical man to sign a death-certificate without satisfying himself by personal investigation that death has in fact occurred.

Yet, as the law stands at present, a doctor who has been attending a sick person frequently accepts the barest hearsay as conclusive proof that his patient has died.

Sinister omissions

Who informs the doctor scarcely matters at all. Failing others, it may even be the undertaker instructed to carry out the funeral.

If there is any hitch in the procedure, the officiating clergyman need not postpone the last rites merely because he has not seen the death-certificate.

It is provided, however, lest anybody should have been buried alive, that within seven days of the interment the absence of a death-certificate should be notified to the registrar.

There is no need to tax the imagination for examples of foul play.

It was the murderer, Seddon, who registered the death of the poor old spinster, Eliza Barrow, whom he had slowly poisoned with arsenic, the certificate of a doctor that she had died from natural causes being all too readily obtained.

With no less ease, Major Armstrong, the Hay murderer, registered the death of the wife he had killed.

If a patient is seriously ill, the news that he is dead occasions no surprise to his medical attendant.

The dread penalty!

Besides, it is so easy to satisfy the requirements of the registrar of deaths, who is the last person in the world to make fussy enquiries.

Someone must have told the medical man that the sick person is dead; that is all. One glance at the doctor's signature, and the registrar is satisfied. No proof is ever called for that there has actually been a death.

Scores of murdered people have been registered as dead from natural causes. The baldest description of the fatal malady suffices. Among the commonest is "syncope"—meaning simply that the heart has ceased to beat.

True, as stated above, there are penalties to safeguard a trusting community. The least deceit or default in respect to registration, if detected, is sharply punished.

As a rule, with a forty shillings fine!

Fountain Pens for All!

Read the record-breaking pen offer announced on page 34. Start collecting the coupons and turn them into cash.

Happy Health... all the year round

Millions of mothers know that nourishing Quaker Oats makes their children healthy and strong.

DURING these critical years, children need nourishing, health-promoting food. Those children who start the day right with a breakfast of Quaker Oats are building up strong, healthy constitutions.

A Quaker Oats breakfast gives children and grown-ups, too, health and strength to withstand the many turns in our summer weather. It provides stamina to resist cold, wet days and extra energy to enjoy the warm spells. It is the most economical breakfast food you can serve — nothing so good so cheap, nothing so cheap so good. *Quick* Quaker, ready in 3 or 4 minutes, is the world's quickest hot breakfast.

Two kinds — Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker. Both made in Canada.*

Q64

QUICK QUAKER

TWO SIZES **4d** and **8½d**

per packet — except in Irish Free State

Not without purpose are "perfumes" and "flavourings" added to the cheaper tobaccos. "Flavouring" tones down the "kick" of harsh, crude leaf; and "perfume" helps to disguise its bitter "tang."

But—there is *one* cheap Tobacco of natural flavour and aroma.... John Sinclair's new RUBICON MIXTURE. It needs neither perfume nor flavouring. Like the expensive Tobaccos its leaf is sound and characterful... good enough for *natural manufacture*.

If you smoke "scented" plug or "perfumed" flake try *natural* RUBICON MIXTURE at 8½d. the ounce. Like the others it will save you money. Moreover, it will please and satisfy.

Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A Ghastly Traffic REVIVED

The Rev. F. Anstruther Cardew, and a scene in his hostel for girls in Paris. With the aid of these helpers, he combats many evils

A DISQUIETING truth lies behind a recently reported police-court case in which a woman was sent to prison for four months for conspiring with persons unknown to rob a man whom she had lured to a "mystery" flat in Neal Street, London, W.C.

The inner facts reveal that the white-slave traffic, thought by most people to be a passing evil, is gradually becoming as rampant as ever it was, and is likely to grow beyond control unless a determined effort is made to check it now.

The man in the case was robbed, while in the flat, of a wallet containing £15, and, on challenging the woman, was taken to a room crowded with other couples, among whom were several aliens.

There, after some dispute, his wallet was returned to him—but it was empty.

Detectives suspected!

At this moment two detectives arrived, following the complaint of another man who had been similarly robbed at the flat, and the policemen had some difficulty in convincing the owner of the wallet that they were not also members of the gang.

In sending the woman to jail, Sir Chartres Biron commented strongly upon the fact that she was not joined in the dock by numerous other guilty persons.

He expressed the conviction that there had been a systematic scheme to lure men to the flat to rob them and that the case required further investigation.

"There must be someone in charge of the flat," he declared, "and we must have him here."

Our own enquiries enable us to tell the magistrate who they are.

A recent leaseholder of the flat is an alien woman well known in connection with an underworld haunt that was closed down some time ago.

Her husband, a Russian, at one time the proprietor of a very questionable hotel in Soho, was turned out of England only a few months ago during the general "clean up" of undesirable aliens by the police. Known in London's underworld as "Russian Sammy," his reputation was about as unsavoury as it could be.

A firm of estate-agents, run by a notorious ex-convict, recently negotiated the letting of the flat to a person called "Captain Scott."

While the police-court case was being heard both these individuals proved most retiring.

The actual master of ceremonies at the "mystery" flat, frequented as it has been by some of the worst men and women in the West End, is a person named Frank Keller—a well-known bully.

Keller was convicted on one occasion in connection with a notorious club where ruffianism was prevalent.

But Keller is not the actual owner—he acted in the capacity of manager—but if the authorities follow up our information an illuminating report might soon be produced for Sir Chartres Biron's perusal.

Fungoid

This is not the only "mystery" flat that has lately sprung up in the West End of London, and mushroom estate-agents are equally active.

Within a few hundred yards of Piccadilly Circus one might find seven shady firms which specialise in letting flats to underworld clients at enormous rentals.

Complaints about some of them have already been lodged at Scotland Yard, and although two detectives have been making painstaking enquiries about them, the offenders have so far contrived to keep just within the law.

Two ex-solicitors and one solicitor still on the rolls, who is always more or less the worse for drink, aid these seven firms by sending them clients and framing agreements which no respectable solicitor would touch.

In some instances these unscrupulous estate-agents actually instal women in flats direct—an idea borrowed from their Hollywood *confrères* who exploit girl aspirants to film fame. But they do not go so far as to put girls up for auction as the Hollywood traffickers sometimes do.

The girls exploited in London are chiefly brought from the Continent by week-end tickets and are kept here in defiance of the regulations for the registration of aliens.

A recent case is that of a French girl called Mademoiselle Carrons. This young and pretty victim was installed by a notorious adventurer named Gilbert in a flat off Oxford Street, London, W.

English girls trapped

Hectic scenes were enacted there, and in consequence of complaints made to the police the girl was questioned regarding her status in this country.

She admitted that she had no passport and no occupation and was without private means.

An eleventh-hour attempt was made to marry her to an Englishman, but the police prevented this, and Mademoiselle Carrons was sent back to France.

Startling as it may seem, Scotland Yard has received information this year that nearly a hundred alien women have been brought to this country and installed in luxury flats. All but a few are still here.

The traffic of alien women to England, bad as it is, is by no means as disquieting as are the operations of foreign slavers who seek to entice English girls abroad.

Quite recently the Passport Office saved two English girls, aged sixteen and seventeen, from going to join a troupe in Buenos Ayres.

During a prosecution in Buenos Ayres a few months ago of a man called Solomon Horn, it was stated that 140 white girls had gone into slavery there within the past two years from England alone.

Strike at the slavers!

Unhappily, English girls, too, are found in the haunts of Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Warsaw, Barcelona and Bombay, where there are now over 700 houses of ill-fame, employing 10,000 women of all nationalities.

The alien traffickers must be suppressed. English girls must be saved from the unmentionable horrors that the traffic implies, and we must at all costs prevent a revival in England of the post-war scandal of alien prostitutes and bogus marriages and gang murders like that of Martial Le Chavalier.

The recent appointment by Lord Byng of women C.I.D. officers was made with the well-intentioned purpose of letting women get to grips with the alien girls who are now being exploited in London.

But this is not nearly enough. It is the bogus estate-agents and the alien traffickers who must be unearthed before the white-slave menace is effectively dealt with in this country.

THE NEW
"PICTUREGOER"

The new *Picturegoer*, the most lavish magazine ever produced to sell at twopence, has met with wonderful success.

The first issues were sold out within a few hours.

Packed with all the latest news and views of films and film stars, printed throughout in art photogravure, and containing a special feature by Hannen Swaffer and the world's great screen personality, Charlie Chaplin, Number 3 of the new *Picturegoer Weekly* will be in just as great a demand.

So avoid disappointment by ordering your copy now.

Refresh yourself ...with WRIGLEY'S

DURING a pleasant tramp in the country, there's nothing so refreshing as Wrigley's.

It tones you up and removes that parched feeling—leaving your mouth and throat fresh and cool.

Wrigley's, by promoting the natural flow of the digestive juices, aids the digestion and promotes a healthy appetite. Used regularly after every meal it cleanses and protects the teeth—removing all particles of food that cling in the tiny crevices.

Always carry a packet of Wrigley's—its lasting flavour will delight and refresh you.

Two kinds—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour —and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. per packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

British Made by British Workmen with Empire Materials.

5 shaving features

...in one cream

... Why 87 men in 100 become Palmolive users

THESE are the five reasons why men prefer Palmolive—why 87 men in every 100 who give Palmolive a trial become regular users.

Our 68-year-old laboratories asked 1,000 men to give their opinion as to what a shaving cream should be. Time and again formulas failed to come up to requirements. The 130th formula brought success—it embodied the 5 unique Palmolive features—those 5 that men needed.

Palmolive, made on the principles of an olive oil soap, overcame the prime objections men had to old-fashioned methods—it avoids all irritation.

Let us convince you—make a test for yourself before you buy. Send the coupon below for a 7-shave trial tube. We stand or fall by your decision, but we are sure you will be won—87 men in every 100 our records show turn to Palmolive permanently.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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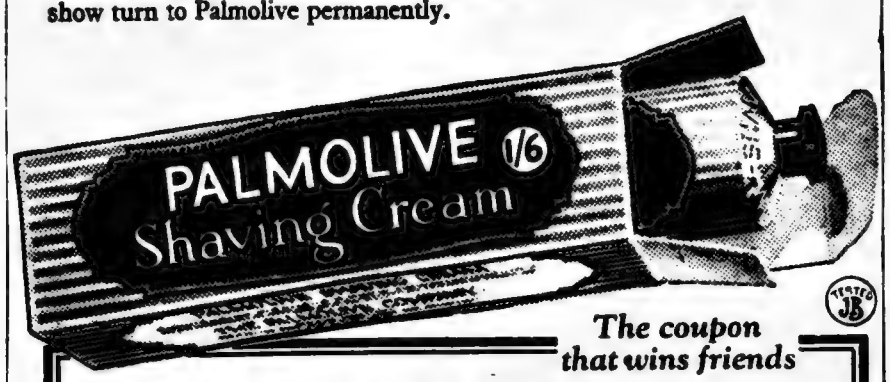
To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face.



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7 SHAVE TEST

Simply insert name and address and send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE, Dept. S.C., 44, Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY..... E 5.

Start the day on your toes

Here's quick new energy for the busy day ahead—Post Toasties. These delicious golden-crisp flakes of Indian corn will send you from the breakfast table full of zest and vigour. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer to-day, and try it to-morrow with milk or cream.

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

MADE IN CANADA

POST TOASTIES IS ONE OF THE POST PRODUCTS, WHICH INCLUDE GRAPE-NUTS, POSTUM, POST'S BRAN FLAKES AND POST'S WHOLE BRAN.

REAL LIFE STORIES

"She partially raised Mr. Chorles' lifeless body to get at the coins. . . ."

The CONFESSION of MRS. MUNTELLA

by FABIAN TANNER

I OFTEN wonder how much undiscovered crime there is in the world; there is enough that is found out, goodness knows. Yet there must be much that remains hidden. The question is, how much?

Here is the story of a crime that was only revealed through a death-bed confession, and then not to the authorities. The criminal is dead—let her rest in peace—and so I have altered names and circumstances to prevent any recognition.

There existed not long ago in a great city a certain Mrs. Muntella, a nondescript old woman, who picked up a living partly as a charwoman, partly as a sort of unqualified nurse for poor people.

She was a cadaverous old woman, with a white, parchment-like skin, and cheeks that had fallen in; she looked at you sideways a good deal when she spoke, and she had the excessive dignity and politeness of those who drink in secret.

She did drink, in fact; I have met her several times late at night, mumbling to herself and staggering from side to side on the pavement with a peculiar, prancing gait.

But she affected a high degree of respectability, talked of her past prosperity, and always dressed in black.

IN the end she was run over in the street, either through being drunk or by sheer accident, and was taken to the hospital.

There was nothing to be done for her, and her death was a foregone conclusion, but she kept her senses and didn't seem to be in pain.

She quite realised that it was all over with her, and for the whole day that she was in hospital she remained sunk in thought.

At length, towards dusk, before the lights were turned on in the ward where she lay, and all was quiet, she beckoned to the nurse in charge, Sister Angela, a woman of long and grim experience, and also to a Miss Christie, who was a sort of lay-visitor to the hospital, a voluntary helper.

Mrs. Muntella called these two over to the side of her bed.

"There's something on my mind, nurse," said Mrs. Muntella, rather uneasy in her manner, and looking from the Sister to Miss Christie with her little, beady eyes; "I must tell it."

The two experienced hospital workers looked at each other. This sort of request was no surprise to them; they had often been the recipients of strange confidences in that place.

Propped up on her pillows, and speaking in a low voice, Mrs. Muntella made her statement to the two helpers.

You must imagine Sister Angela standing, tall, rigid and stern, beside the bed, and Miss Christie seated, a little figure this, spectacled and worn, and knowing much of human nature.

It appeared that Mrs. Muntella had worked for some years for a very old man, Benjamin Chorles.

The old fellow lived alone in a little cottage, and she used to go in every day to clean up and cook for him. This had been in the country, some years before.

Benjamin Chorles had a grand-daughter, a girl of about twenty, called Miriam Chorles, who came to see him sometimes.

THEY were fond of each other in a tepid sort of way, but the girl had some sort of post or position in town and could not live with her grandfather.

The old man lived on the rents of a number of cottages he owned, and had other properties, bits of land, some orchards—in short, "one thing with another," muttered Mrs. Muntella on the bed from which she was not to rise again, "he was not so badly off, and as mean as sin, that he was."

And so Benjamin Chorles went on living in the cottage and growing older and more feeble, and Mrs. Muntella continued to watch over him.

And Mrs. Muntella's curiosity had been aroused by the fact that although he didn't spend a tithe of the money he received in rent, he had no banking account, not even a post-office book.

One day he received quite a large sum of money, and Mrs. Muntella resolved to find out what he did with it.

She came back in the evening to the solitary cottage; [illegible] might have been

(Continued on page 26)

You, too, could Sleep like this

TO SLEEP—all through the night—dreamlessly as a child. And then to awake refreshed and invigorated—ready with a new zest for the work and pleasure of the day.

Like most grown people, you have probably lost this secret of childhood—this wonderful capacity for the sound sleep that re-creates energy and vitality. But "Ovaltine" will help you to regain it.

"Ovaltine" presents, in a correctly balanced form, the restorative nourishment of Nature's richest foods—ripe barley malt, fresh creamy milk, and eggs from our own and selected farms. Eggs are particularly important because they provide organic phosphorus—an essential requirement for building up brain and nerves.

"Ovaltine" ensures sound sleep by soothing your nerves and rebuilding the worn cells and tissues of the body. This supreme beverage gives you new zest for life—new energy for work and play.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.733

If your health needs building up

take a course of Hall's Wine. It will put new life and strength into you and do you *lasting* good.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

LARGE BOTTLE 5/6 SMALLER SIZE 3/3

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

Make a last line!

£50 First PRIZE

1053 OTHER PRIZES

for 'Diploma' Limericks

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £10
3rd PRIZE £5
4th PRIZE £2 50
10/- POSTAL ORDERS 300
2/6 POSTAL ORDERS 500
500 ELECTRO-PLATED CHEESE HOLDERS

Said a stout lady cyclist of Staines
"Nevermore will I ride when it rains,
For the last time I did
Though I tried not to skid

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, June 26, 1931.

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The English CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire, 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

D 182

£1,100 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 116.

In the above contest solutions containing one error only were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £333 6s. 8d. will be despatched:—

J. T. Haverscroft, 270, Marsh Lane, Erdington, Birmingham.
E. Hodkinson, 13', Waverley Road, Blackpool, N.S.
Mrs. T. Massey, Heath House, Brookwood, Surrey.

Solutions containing two errors were received from the following 26 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £3 17s. 0d.:—

Barlow, J., 195, Liverpool Rd., Patricroft, Manch. ; Barrett, C., "Glenside," Redbere' Ave., Stroud, Glos. ; Beach, R. F., 22, Vincent Rd., Wood Green, N.22 ; Bill, J. S., Meisetter, Knock, Belfast ; Browne, A., 22, Church St., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford ; Chalmers, Mrs. C. T., 66, Main St., East Kilbride ; Darbyshire, W., 43, Carnarvon St., Sheffield ; Dearden, Miss E., 22, Crystal Rd., South Side, Blackpool ; Ewart, J., Apperley Dene, Stocksfield-on-Tyne ; Gaskell, J., 41, King St., Wigan ; Griggs, A. E., Larmans Fen, Southery, Downham, Norfolk ; Heathcote, R., Clayton Fold, Kettleshulme, Nr. Whaleybridge, via Stockport ; Heaven, Miss L., 92, Bellhall Rd., Sparkhill, B'ham ; Horsley, S., 72, Wibsey Bank, Bradford ; Howe, D., 114, Egerton St., Oldham ; Jackson, Mrs. E., 57, Barlow St., C.-on-M., Manchester ; Jeremiah, Mrs. G., Royal United Hospital, Bath ; Lever, F., 2, Copley Cotts., Copley St., Rotten Park, B'ham ; Livingstone, Mrs. A., 70, Bedley St., Glasgow, N. ; Lowe, S., 110, Robinson St., Cowhill, Chadderton ; Mahon, D., 33, Northumberland St., Liverpool ; Paterson, A., "Teragram," Church Lane, Chessington, Surbiton ; Petersen, G., 63, Merlins Hill, Haverfordwest, Pem. ; Robinson, J. F., 39, Chatham Rd., Northfleet ; Stephenson, J., 2, Railway St., Kearsley, Lancs ; Wells, Mrs. —, 20, Barras, Lochmaben, Dumfries-shire.

Another £1,100 Crossword appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

Aids to Beauty within the Reach of All

CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use **Cuticura Preparations** every day. The **Soap** cleanses, the **Ointment** heals and the **Talcum** imparts a pleasing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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everywhere are using this powder cream,

Fashionable girls today are relying on Potter & Moore's Powder Cream, because it clings perfectly without clogging and maintains its lovely finish throughout the day

POWDER
CREAM
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ALL IN ONE
1/-

The dainty handbag jar is the sweetest ever, and the sparkling bijou mirror is delightfully handy. In all shades from Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

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MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER
CREAM

That's LYBRO!
OVERALLS WITH
DOUBLE KNEES
DOUBLE POCKETS
DOUBLE SEWN

For the man who requires an extra-tough overall, Lybro have made this Treble-Double Type—Double Knees, Double Pockets, Double Sewn. The parts which generally wear most quickly are reinforced to make them doubly strong. The famous Lybro Double Stitching is the final strengthening which makes these overalls ready to stand the roughest treatment and to give unusually long wear. Always wear Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls.

Your outfitter sells Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls in Blue or Brown. Make sure they are genuine by seeing the Red Button stamped Lybro Brand. Price 7/6

(Without Double Knees and Pockets, 6/6)

"Lybro Easy-fit" Jackets	5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Trousers	5/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Boiler Suits	9/11

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of the nearest supplier.

Cut for Comfort — Made for Wear

LYBRO
EASY FIT
OVERALLS

31.9.cvs.

The Confession of Mrs. Muntella—continued from page 24

about half-past nine, she thought. She crept round to the back of the cottage, where she knew there was a hole in the wooden shutters that were closed at night over the kitchen window.

Through this hole she knew that she could see into the kitchen, where Mr. Chorles invariably sat.

The old man had not gone to bed: there he was, perhaps stowing away the money he had received in some hiding-place.

That hiding-place Mrs. Muntella wanted to know about, merely, of course, from idle curiosity. She tried to impress her hearers with that, even as she lay on her death-bed.

But when she stooped down and peeped through the hole in the wooden shutters, she had rather a shock, because Benjamin Chorles had already had a visitor that night, before Mrs. Muntella had come along. And the name of that visitor was Death.

THERE lay old Mr. Chorles, sprawling across the table. A lamp burned feebly upon the high mantelpiece, beside the kitchen clock. Its light fell upon the table, which was covered with piles of silver and notes.

Now, it seems that when Mrs. Muntella saw the money on the table, she was tempted, being, as she said, a poor old woman without a friend in the world. She had never before seen so much money as that in her life.

She had in her possession a key to the cottage, so that she could, in the ordinary course of her duties, come in in the early morning without making Mr. Chorles rise from his bed to let her in.

So Mrs. Muntella—rather tremblingly, one would imagine—opened the cottage door, and went into the room where Mr. Chorles lay face downwards on the table, dead, with the lamp burning above him and the clock still ticking and measuring a time that for its owner had already blended with eternity.

Even Sister Angela and Miss Christie, experienced as they were, could hardly repress a shudder as Mrs. Muntella described how she partially raised Mr. Chorles' lifeless body from the table to get at the notes and coins which were beneath it; how she stooped down and picked up what had fallen to the floor.

NEAR by, on the kitchen dresser, stood an iron cash-box, open and half-full of money.

Mrs. Muntella took this, put into it the money she had removed from the table, and left the house, locking the door behind her.

The lamp had gone out and the clock had run down before they found Mr. Chorles dead on his table from old age and a diseased heart.

"And there was more than £2,000 in the cash-box!" murmured Mrs. Muntella on her death-bed.

She meditated for a space, and then brought out what was really in her mind.

Out of sheer avarice, as it seemed, she had not spent a single penny of the stolen £2,000, and now she wanted it returned to its rightful owner, the girl Miriam Chorles.

"She's a good girl, she is," mumbled Mrs. Muntella, who was becoming noticeably feebler by degrees.

"She stayed by me a long time once when I had the rheumatics, and I remember I fell right dead off to sleep when she was there, and she went away without waking me, she was that considerate.

"So now she can have her money back. The cash-box is under my bed in my room."

So Sister Angela, as soon as she came off duty, went with Miss Christie to Mrs. Muntella's lodgings, and found the cash-box under the bed as they had been told they would.

They brought it back to the hospital with them, but they were too late to show Mrs. Muntella that they had so far carried out her wishes, for she was dead

Though they searched the old woman's belongings minutely, they could find no trace of a key; but they discovered Miss Miriam Chorles' address among the scraps of paper left by the late robber of the dead.

The author, Fabian Tanner

Sister Angela wrote to the girl and made an appointment to see her. She was a business girl and lived in respectable lodgings by herself, for it seemed that both her parents were dead.

With Miss Christie for a companion and witness, Sister Angela went to those lodgings one evening, with the cash-box under her arm.

There they found Miriam Chorles waiting for them. She was a strong-looking, serious, dark girl with a natural pallor; she had a capable, determined, square sort of face, and eyes of a steely blue.

She listened unmoved to Sister Angela's story of what had happened to the rather wicked old woman in the hospital, and she didn't even seem surprised; not even pleased at the idea that she was to receive an extra £2,000 from her deceased grandfather's estate.

This is a cool hand, thought Sister Angela, with some admiration. She had so much experience of hysterical, excitable women that this grave girl was a blessed change.

WHAT Miss Christie thought only Miss Christie knew, watching Miriam Chorles all the time through those spectacles of hers.

Miss Chorles eyed the cash-box standing on the table before them.

"The thing to do," she said at length, "is to open that box and examine the contents."

"Exactly!" replied Sister Angela; "but, as I told you, we couldn't find the key anywhere."

"Yes, I remember you said that," returned Miss Chorles, "and I suppose we shall have to have it broken open in the end.

"However, I have a number of odd keys that my grandfather left behind, and we'll try one or two of them on it. We might find one to fit."

Miss Christie settled her spectacles on her nose and looked harder than before at Miriam Chorles when she said this.

But Miriam rose, went to a drawer in a small sideboard, and took from it a large bunch of keys.

She tried one or two, and at perhaps the third or fourth attempt she found one that turned in the lock.

"That's a bit of luck!" she murmured; and, turning the key, she raised the lid of the cash-box. Then, with a slight smile, she turned to the two ladies.

"It's empty!" she said.

Sister Angela and Miss Christie started and stared. It was perfectly true. The box was entirely empty: there wasn't a penny or a scrap of paper there. Nothing.

For a moment Sister Angela felt disappointed, chiefly on account of this nice girl; then she felt angry.

"It must have been a delusion!" she said sharply. "What a fool she's made of us both, and of you! I do hope you don't feel too much disappointed!"

"WELL, do you know," replied Miriam Chorles, calmly, "I thought it might somehow turn out to be a frost. I had the idea as soon as I saw grandfather's cash-box in your hands.

"I knew that box—I had often seen it in his house—and he used to say that there was something in it for me when he died. I missed it when I went through his things after he was dead."

"Then," said Miss Christie sharply—it was the first time she had spoken—"why didn't you inform the police about it?"

Miriam turned and gave her a steady look with those stern, blue eyes.

"The police?" she repeated. "Oh, well, grandfather had left me a good deal as it was, and I didn't feel like making a fuss. Besides, if I couldn't find it, it wasn't likely that the police could.

"No, I'm not much disappointed; and I'm very, very much obliged to you for the trouble you've taken, both of you. Let's have some tea and forget all about that old ghoul of a Mrs. Muntella."

SISTER Angela says that she has a very great respect for Miss Miriam Chorles, who could take a disappointment over a matter of £2,000 as coolly as all that.

But Miss Christie keeps mum, and shakes her head, and her eyes gleam behind her spectacles. She is by way of being a distant relative of mine, and invites me to tea at stated intervals.

She thinks it probable, from her brief examination of Miss Miriam Chorles, and the opinion she formed of her character, that the explanation of her calm is as follows:

When she found, on her grandfather's death, that the cash-box was missing, she no doubt suspected the good Mrs. Muntella.

And, instead of calling in the police to right her wrongs, Miss Miriam, being altogether that kind of person, proceeds to right them herself.

She hears that Mrs. Muntella is unwell, has the bronchitis, and goes to call on the dear old lady, who seems to have kept the cash-box under her bed the whole time. Those steel-blue eyes of Miriam's must have spotted it there.

YOU remember that Mrs. Muntella said that she fell asleep during Miriam's kind visit and didn't wake up till she'd gone.

Miriam must have found the old woman's keys, opened the cash-box, and regained what was undoubtedly her own property, locked the box again, put the key in her pocket, and walked off.

This, Miss Christie argues, accounts for her not being disappointed, and also for her having a suitable key in her possession. It is, of course, a theory; but why should Miriam have taken the key?

Miss Christie can't account for this, unless it was to prevent Mrs. Muntella discovering that the box had been emptied, and perhaps accusing some innocent person of theft.

As it was, she never seems to have examined the box again, and never discovered the loss of the key.

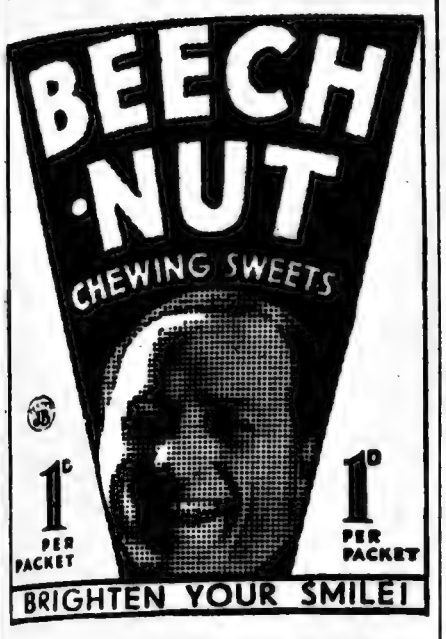
And if you expostulate with Miss Christie for her theory, and say that it's absurd to suppose that a girl of twenty would do such a thing, she retorts fiercely that you haven't seen Miss Miriam Chorles or met the glare of those determined blue eyes.

Next Week—

RANN DALY,

the author of "The Outpost," tells the true story of

"THE BRAND"



BN. 90

All Face Powders are NOT the same

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Mousse of Cream is the reason why more women are using Poudre Tokalon to-day than any other kind. It is why it is the favourite powder of so many actresses and society leaders—women who simply *must* be beautiful.

You will find Poudre Tokalon is the *perfect* face powder. It is attractively packed, exquisitely perfumed and moderately priced. There are eight different shades to choose from. In boxes, or dainty gilt refill type compacts. Try it to-day—you will then understand its popularity.

The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions.

Free Trial De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.), Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222A), Chase Road, London N.W.10.

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1/- a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6
Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d.
Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9. Refills 1/-

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

A marvellous hair-grower is used by American Indians and reported to effect a profuse growth of hair in a very short time. The juice of a rare plant and genuine bear fat are active ingredients.

A small fuzz develops on bald places in a few weeks, after which the hair grows rapidly. Falling hair stops and dandruff disappears. A proof box of Kotalko, sample of Kotalko Soap, and "The Indians' Secret" Booklet may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53.S.O.), London, W.1.

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TAKE CONSTIPON
Nature's Original Laxative
IDEAL FOR CHILDREN.
Sold by all Chemists.
TABLETS 3d., 6d. and 1/- per box

ssh! That's a good one for the Kodak Competition!

Make the most of every chance—Use Kodak film

Baby's first few steps! The boys trying to catch a crab at low tide! That Dutchman on his barge with his big pipe and bigger patches! Now, besides the fun of your photography and the joy of storing happy memories, you have the chance of winning a big prize. In the Kodak £20,000 International Competition there are equal chances for all. Only amateurs may enter, only *picture interest* counts. A boy with a Brownie might easily win! You can send snaps of any subject. And the more snaps you send in, the better your chance of winning! Cut out the entry form. Enter to win!

Kodak £20,000 INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

You may submit snaps of any subject. Each will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win.

63 PRIZES IN EACH OF 6 CLASSES

A—**Children** at play, asleep, laughing, etc.
B—**Scenes.** Land and seascapes, travel, etc.
C—**Games** of all kinds and hobbies.
D—**Still Life and Nature Subjects** of every kind.
E—**Informal Portraits** of grown-ups.
F—**Animals.** Pets; animals and birds.

379 PRIZES for the BRITISH ISLES

The Competition is for snaps taken by amateurs between May 1st and Aug. 31st, 1931. There are 379 Prizes totalling £2,500 to be won in the British Isles alone, besides large International awards.

BRITISH ISLES GRAND PRIZE

£1,000 and Bronze Medal

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1st Prize in *each of the six classes*	£100
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And 5 prizes of £5 and 55 prizes of £1 in each class

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The winning picture in each class from each country will automatically go forward to Geneva to be judged for the large prizes in the International Competition.

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ONE SNAP CAN WIN £3,300

British Isles Class Prizes	£100
British Isles Grand Prize	£1,000
International Class Award	£200
International Grand Award	£2,000
Thus one snap may win	£3,300

ENTRY FORM

Enclose this form with your entries and post to Contest Office, Kodak Ltd., Belsize Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6. Do not put your name on snaps. Every snap will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. Hold negatives ready to send, should one be a winner.

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Make of Camera .....

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Number of Pictures sent .....
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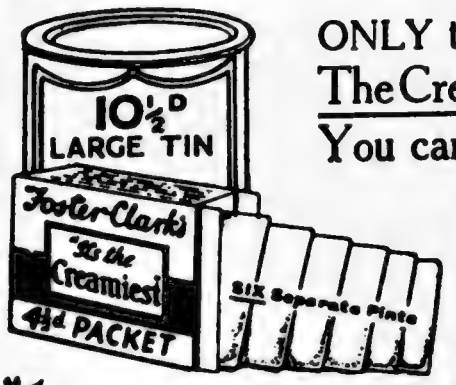

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removed without pain

I have found your Radox Bath Salts very valuable as a cure for bad, hard, old corns. Last year I had one so bad that I could scarcely bear a shoe on my foot. After trying numerous remedies I got some Radox and persevered with it. The corn had evidently gathered, but by gently scraping it between the footbaths I got the discharge clear. After using one 1/6d. packet and about half of a 2/6d. packet, the corn was cured, and I was able to walk more easily than for years before, and to wear shoes that had been almost discarded. I have had no further trouble with that corn, and am very grateful to Radox.

(Mrs.) *K. O., Cornwall.*

16th *April*, 1931.

Radox in a footbath charges the water with life-giving oxygen gas. This highly active oxygen enters the pores of the skin, carrying the softening salts of Radox right to the root of the corn. Soon the corn becomes detached at the root; you see it projecting. Then it is a matter of moments to lift it out bodily, root and all, without a twinge.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your problem through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

A WOMAN still on the right side of thirty, I am almost worn out with shame and grief. I married, at seventeen, a young soldier of twenty, a boy with whom I had grown up in the village where we both were born.

In spite of the terrible war days we were happy. My husband's letters told me nothing to upset me. It was only after he was demobilised and our son was born that I noticed that his health was failing.

Still, he kept on with his work, a very good clerical post, until my second child was eleven months old, when he had to give up the struggle.

I was left a young widow at twenty-four, with two infant boys to bring up. With help from my mother to supplement the pension, I managed fairly well.

THEN I met the man who has brought stark tragedy into my life.

He was so attentive and spent so lavishly on me, and, in addition, was so kind to my boys, that I could not fail to be touched.

We drifted on, daily more in love with each other, until it seemed likely that a baby would come.

I mentioned this, quite confident that the wedding would follow. Instead, I was met by the information that he already had a wife, with whom he had been living during all the months of our courtship.

I think I must have gone mad at this discovery, for I lost consciousness and had an illness that nearly cost my life. When reason returned, I had the future, now with three children, to face.

My lover remained attentive. He said that he lived with his wife for business reasons only. They were nothing to each other, and he hoped, when she learned how matters stood between us, that she would divorce him.

I lived in this hope for some weeks longer, when one day the wife herself came to see me. She was expecting her baby about the same time as mine.

She said, quite calmly, that if I made any public demonstration about her husband's guilt he would lose his post, a good one, and thus be of no future help to either of us.

I could hardly believe my ears when my lover suggested that, as I had the better house of the two, his wife should sell off and we should all live together in mine.

I fought against the infamous proposal for some time, but when my baby came and I lost my pension, penury changed my tune.

I agreed that the family should come, but as boarders only, I receiving a fixed sum each week.

This is the arrangement at present, but I know it cannot last. I know it is all part of a scheme to get me back into his clutches, and the wife, a good but spiritless creature, makes no resistance.

Yet live clean I must. To this end I have approached certain people with a view to having my baby adopted, so that I can earn my living and retrieve my mistake.

But the anguish of parting from my baby is heartrending. Is there no way in which I can retrieve my position without losing my baby?

"HUMANIST" says: You have been terribly foolish to join forces with the man who betrayed you. Give him and his wife notice to quit, and apply for an affiliation order.

If you cannot get work to enable you to keep on a home, try to arrange with your relatives to look after your boys, and get a place where you may have your baby with you. I am sending, by post, a suggestion concerning this.

THE WIDOW'S BLIGHT

must face facts

WIDOWED in 1918, I have struggled alone to bring up my boy, now just turned twenty. I am proud to say that he is as good a son as any mother could wish.

Since he became able to earn his own living and help me, our little home has been one of the happiest.

He would often say, "Well, mother, if I remain unmarried until I am thirty, it is no more than you deserve."

When my eldest sister's husband died suddenly, leaving her unprovided for and alone, both my son and myself felt it our duty to offer her a home.

Trouble commenced from the moment she stepped over our threshold. Her temper is domineering and sharp. She criticises my son, declares that I am "ruining him with pampering him," and is constantly making mischief.

Often her language is deplorable. She interferes in every detail of my housekeeping. When I resent it, she relapses into a sulky silence.

My son tells me he can no longer endure the changed atmosphere of the home. He says that I must choose whether I will keep on the house for his benefit or my sister.

He, of course, is young and may marry, but my poor sister has nowhere else to go.

I am afraid of making a decision that I shall have cause to regret afterwards.

"HUMANIST" says: Your duty is quite clearly to insist upon your sister behaving herself. Have a quiet talk with her alone, and tell her that while you are offering her the shelter of your home you are not willing to have it upset.

Be quite firm about this. Make it clear that unless she can control her tongue and refrain from interference she must go.

UNTAUGHT A.B.C.

—mother's anguished warning

SIX years after my marriage, latent family disease broke out in my husband, and, to my horror, I discovered I was tied for life to an epileptic.

I have three children who, but for unremitting care both day and night, would never have lived. Even now, after all I have done for them, they are turning out to be exceedingly delicate.

Finding my husband incapable of earning a living, I secured a small business, paying for it by instalments.

This brings in a comfortable living during the periods when my husband is away for treatment, but the minute he comes home everything is upset.

He is entirely irresponsible, and takes whatever money he can lay his hands on and wastes it. Slowly but surely he is ruining me.

I know I must bear this cross the best way I can, and that there is no thing you can do to help me. But I write in the hope that by publishing my story you will warn others to make enquiries regarding health before they marry.

Plenty of questions are asked about money. It seems more important that a man should be healthy enough to earn his living.

Why should not this thing, the danger of marrying to pass on disease, be taught in the schools?

"HUMANIST" says: Personal hygiene is taught to the younger children. For the older ones, if a more definite instruction is needed, there is no need to wait for the schools.

Intimate help of this kind is best given by the parents, and should be undertaken as soon as the children are adolescent.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Rescue this Child!

SHY, sensitive, little Hetty, dressed in shabby black, her bare legs thrust into high, rubber boots, crept into our office one day recently, with her widowed mother.

Hetty was happy then

Their story is pitiful in the extreme. Up to the end of January, Hetty was happy in the possession of a dad who was father and mother to her, for Hetty's mother suffered so severe a shock during an air-raid, when an incendiary bomb fell at her door, that she has not since been mentally strong.

Then, one evening last January, when she had set ready her husband's meal and was waiting his return from work, instead of her man, a policeman arrived to summon her to the hospital mortuary where they had carried his body.

He had been picked up dead in the street, where he had collapsed from heart failure due to overwork, on top of the strain he had undergone in the Boer and Great Wars.

There is no widow's pension, as, for the last three years, Hetty's father worked as a farrier in partnership with another man. And this second shock has so distraught her mother that she is hardly fit for work.

Hetty's grandad, an old-age pensioner of eighty-four years, has been very good to his daughter and grandchild, giving up his bed at times to shelter them, but his room costs him 5s. a week; his son is crippled and unemployed, so what can he do?

Since January, Hetty and her mother have occupied and been turned out of no fewer than four different furnished rooms, because they could not pay the rent.

"That child," writes a neighbour, who has been a Good Samaritan to them, "has slept on hard floors with only her clothes to keep her warm during January and February, or has slept in any old bed that her mother has begged for the night."

When we visited them, they were being housed by this neighbour, who cannot afford to keep them, as she can barely earn sufficient for herself and her two babies. It was Sunday, and they were all hard at work fixing strings to labels for sixpence a thousand.

If Hetty and her mother were to be taken into the institution, the third shock of parting with Hetty for good might be fatal for the mother, so we appeal to our readers to give us generous help, in order that we may do our best to rescue eleven-year-old Hetty.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?"

Donations sent earmarked for this case, or otherwise, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged by letter where name and address are given.

Lists of subscriptions can be seen at our office, or a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

SHADOW WIFE IN A SINISTER HOUSEHOLD

Children thrive on

Sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks where families insist on Armour's Veribest Corned Beef. Such an appetising, satisfying, wholesome food. No wasteful bone and gristle—nothing but splendid meat cooked-ready-to-use. Get it to-day in tins or ready sliced. Sold at all grocers.

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ASK FOR ARMOUR'S OX TONGUES. THE "VERIBEST" YOU CAN BUY

"AT ONCE
Cleanse them,
Protect them"
DOCTORS ADVISE

Here is the safe way to treat minor injuries

REPAIRING cars, mending bicycles, sharpening tools — the hundred and one things men find to do around the house so often result in little cuts, burns, bruises or abrasions.

Not important in themselves, perhaps, but they may become so if care is not taken to protect them from dirt! "Neglect," doctors say, "invariably leads to serious trouble, so easily does infection occur."

Make sure you are taking no chances if an accident does occur. Have a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly always at hand, ready for every emergency. Smear a little on the wound after washing and then bandage. "Vaseline" Jelly forms a protective layer, helps healthy tissues to grow.

"Vaseline" Jelly may be had at all chemists and stores in jars, tubes and tins. Two kinds — yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

Try "Vaseline" Jelly before shaving—you will find it delightfully softening.

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE

Coach-built Pram with concealed Cradle Springs, Ball Bearings, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Sleeve Apron complete & Carriage Paid 60/-
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AMAZING BRITISH INVENTION

WONDER CAMERA PRODUCED FOR 13'6

ENSIGN

ALL-DISTANCE TWENTY

Patent Nos. 271,186 & 248,274

TAKES PICTURES 2½" × 3½"

Takes "close-up" portraits without separate attachments, and distant views as well

Here is news for young and old! Ensign have made a super-camera for amateurs—a camera that takes "close-up" portraits at 3 feet without a portrait attachment, and equally crisp pictures at any distance—a camera bristling with new features that make photography easier, simpler, more consistently successful than ever before. And the price of this camera, with its fine appearance and workmanship, its wonderful patent features, is 13/6d! Have its marvellous capabilities explained to you. Go to the nearest Photographic dealer and see!

No other camera for 13'6 has the same equipment or the same capacity

DETAILS

Takes "close-up" portraits at 3 feet — and equally crisp pictures at any distance. No focussing, no portrait attachment. Simplified loading. One-way, light-action shutter lever cannot shake the camera. Disappearing direct vision finder and two reflex finders. Size and weight reduced to minimum. Handsome duo finish in nickel and crystalline.

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Every new client qualifies for a free copy of "THE BIG TWO'S" Famous Sportsman's Diary.

Become a Client TO-DAY

Should a Woman be Afraid—

to tell her AGE?

MANY women are afraid to disclose their age because youth is considered among the chief attractions.

For a spinster to admit that she has passed the springtime of life is supposed to be a confession of failure.

Then there is the added charm of mystery, which she loses as soon as she broadcasts one of her chief secrets.

This is an over-organised, prying age, when officialdom is our enemy, and I rejoice that the natural secretiveness of the feminine mind is offering some resistance to it.—*G. P., Wrexham.*

What Stupidity!

Everybody knows the ages of the Queen, Princess Mary, and the Duchess of York, and the respect in which they are held is in no way diminished by that knowledge.

But they are married. And it certainly seems that once the matrimonial state has been reached, woman is absolved from hiding her age.

The single woman, then, must be the offender. And what a stupid offence it is. For age alone does not alter inward character, though it can change the charming young woman who broods about it into a crabbed old spinster.

It is mind, manner, temperament, and character that count.—*Man, Manchester.*

Face Value

No wise woman need go round bleating the fact that she is past her prime.

She is justified in keeping as young-looking as she can, and if she does tell a white lie about her age, I don't see that it will hurt anybody.

The world takes a woman at her face value, and if she can pass as twenty-five when she is really thirty-two—well, good luck to her; and, if you ask me, it's nobody's business.—*Mrs. M. Mooney, Liverpool.*

What Age Is

Surely one hides only that of which one is ashamed. And who to-day is ashamed of having lived a full number of years?

Once, when to be unmarried at thirty was a catastrophe, perhaps there was a reason why woman should contrive to be "just under."

But how many women to-day bow their heads because they are unmarried at forty, fifty or sixty?

The Victorian-minded ones might well remember that age is not a series of figures, but, in a woman, the accumulation of grace, kindliness and cheerful spirit.—*D. M., Preston.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Tragic

When the census form was delivered to me, I was filled with horror. My full age—even to "months"!

Actual physical pain would not have been so hard to bear; because the secret is that I am older than my husband.

Perhaps it is foolish being afraid to reveal our age, but I think it is just perhaps a little womanly vanity—wanting to appear younger than our actual years.

To me, advancing age while still the heart is young is one of the tragedies of this jolly old life.—*Biddy, Middlesbrough.*

Brains Banned

Many employers positively refuse to engage women over a certain age.

To spinsters and others this may mean all the difference between independence and poverty, although they may be superior in every other way to their junior sisters.

If, in her desire to earn an honest livelihood, a woman attempts to keep Father Time at bay, who can blame her?—*Mrs. E. Hill, Edinburgh.*

Odds On

Anything that might handicap a woman's chances in the Grand Matrimonial Stakes, which is a weight-for-age event, must be guarded against by her.

Consequently, an unmarried woman must not be blamed for being afraid to tell her age. For love means so much more to a woman than to a man.

Probably few spinsters ever really give up hope that some day, somewhere, the right man will come along, and it must not be in the power of even their "best friend" to discourage him by revealing their true age.—*H. Lea, Sussex.*

Plus Five

There are many women of forty posing as thirty-five or younger, and I certainly don't blame them; but I wonder how many there are like myself—thirty-five and forced to pose as forty?

My daughter, now twenty, was born when I was but fifteen, and to keep her in ignorance, and from slights, I pose as five years older than I am.

I confess it goes against the grain—for what woman likes to be thought older than she is—and I am secretly pleased when people say that I look younger than my age, and not much older than my daughter.—*Mrs. L., Surrey.*

Disclosed

As a mere male, I think women's reticence in regard to age is justified, and their fears well grounded.

Isn't their age the only mystery they possess nowadays? They, who were once so mysterious, so elusive and tantalising, have revealed their hopes and fears, their passions, their shape and the details of their garments.

Their one secret is the number of summers lived; and if they disclosed this to the world, they fear the end of their mystery, elusiveness, and feminine privilege will have come.—*F. P., Drybrook.*

Age an Asset

There is certainly not so much reason for a woman to fear to tell her age as there was formerly.

When her sole career was marriage and her sole function child-bearing, age was an important factor in the competition for a husband.

Men liked their women young. The man's age, as it mounted signified experience, and was an asset in business.

Women are now taking part in the work of the world, and, as time passes, need fear less divulging their age.—*F. Waltho, London, N.*

Granny's Joy

Nearly sixty, I feel proud of my age. I have entertained giving up my practice of nursing for years, but I am still sought after in preference to the younger ones.

I am known by dozens of kiddies throughout the neighbourhood, and it gives me joy when I hear them remark, "Here comes Granny ——."—*Nurse E. A., Worcester.*

* * *

Perhaps the answer to it all is just woman's natural love of a secret.—*T. Weston, Brighton.*

A woman who is afraid to admit her correct age is either inefficient or desperate.—*R. W. Tuck, Surrey.*

Concealment of age is one of the silly feminine conventions passed on to us by the past generation, when deceit was more common than it is to-day.—*E. R. Swift, Cardiff.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 16.

The Church's Ban on Divorce—Is it Fair?

Race with "Silver Ring"

AN ASCOT MOTTO

ON one of my visits to Ascot a layer in Tatt's told me that he always looked upon the Royal meeting as the clearing-house for his liabilities.

As a rule, the pencillers haven't any liabilities, but this year, mainly as a result of the well-backed winners of the big handicaps, and the splendid record of the favourites on Derby day, there has been plenty of moaning within their ranks. So my motto for Ascot is "Go slow."

Year after year odds-on favourites get bowled over like ninepins, for the simple reason that whereas at most meetings the races go to the swift, strength and stamina are just as essential factors at the Royal venue.

My selections for the three big gambles—the Ascot Stakes, the Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes—are Insurance, Diolite and Sister Clover; but my general advice is: Follow Manton.

Ever since the palmy days of old Alec Taylor, Ascot has been a happy hunting-ground for the Wiltshire establishment.

Joe Lawson has seen the stable accumulate over three-quarters of a million stake-money, and it is his ambition to top the million.

This season the Manton trainer has several of the best two-year-olds in training, while Orpen's game displays in the "Guineas" and the Derby should give him a good line to the second-season horses.

Good Fish and Osculator should be noted at Gatwick this week-end.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 11, to Wednesday, June 17.

B X O R F E J L S W T A N G Q K

P C V Z I H U M D Y 73 74 75 76 78 79

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

M74Z79F7576 would read LARKING.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

L74D274F would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

Shawford Mill, Winchester, Hants.

Walk for Health!

Leave the beaten track and tread the byways which are the charm of the countryside. But to walk in comfort see that your Shoes are polished with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish that makes the leather so supple and gives a brilliant preservative shine.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan, and Tonette, in 2½d., 4½d., and 6d. tins fitted with easy opener

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Ques: WHAT ARE SAVINGS CERTIFICATES?

Ans: A British Government Security specially designed for the small investor.

Ques: ARE THEY SAFE?

Ans: The State guarantees them.

Ques: ARE THEY PROFITABLE?

Ans: They yield 50% profit—sixpence on every shilling—in ten years.

Ques: ARE THEY EASILY REPAYABLE?

Ans: Yes—about three days notice only is required.

Ques: WHERE CAN I BUY THEM?

Ans: At Post Offices, Banks, or through a Savings Association.

National Savings Certificates can be obtained in single documents representing, 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 & 100 Certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40 and £80 respectively.

NATIONAL Savings CERTIFICATES

Not only "NEW"—but ingeniously NOVEL

No More Prongs

Twenty years ago the safety razor with prongs was a great invention. To-day the new Myatt Daymark Razor without prongs is the greatest invention.

You cannot catch the skin anywhere with this remarkable razor. It simply glides; smoothly, evenly, tenderly.

Its blade is keen but controlled; eager but encased. Here is a razor with power but also with protection.

Study its points—and its price—and you will want to treat yourself to this wonderful value for half a crown.

COMPLETE OUTFIT 2/6

The Daymark Razor Set includes Heavily Plated Razor, Metal Case for Spare Blades, and one Myatt Daymark Blade, all in handsome velvet-lined Leatherette Spring-lid Case.

The MYATT DAYMARK RAZOR SET

Use MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

Even if you have not yet bought a Daymark Razor do not deny yourself the luxury of shaving with Myatt Daymark Blades. They fit all types of three-peg razors, and are the only blades marked with the days of the week so that you use and rest the edges in regular rotation.

MADE IN ENGLAND

W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD., ARGENT WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

Take Eade's Pills and laugh at RHEUMATISM!

For generations this famous old English remedy has been curing sufferers from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica and lumbago. To realize what wonderful cures they effect, read the testimonials from fellow sufferers. Write for FREE booklet of advice on treatment and testimonials together with a *FREE* sample of Eade's Anodyne to George Eade, Ltd., Dept. K, 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1. 1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists.

85 YEARS' REPUTATION

WHY WE GET INDIGESTION.

Do you know that when you suffer pain after eating or get some other form of digestive disturbance, the trouble is almost certain to arise from excess acid in the stomach? This acid attacks the stomach lining, makes food ferment and causes painful gases and still more acid to form. Unless promptly counteracted the excess acidity will develop into serious stomach trouble and may even cause ulcers. The only sure way of banishing digestive trouble is to neutralise the excess acid that is the underlying cause and this is most quickly and surely done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia which any chemist can supply at 1s. 3d. a package. All trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation is stopped, pain and discomfort disappear and normal digestion is restored.

BOYS' PILOT BLUE SERGE SUITS

REDUCED FROM 39/6 TO 27/6 FOR

1'6 DOWN

To fit boys ages 7 to 14. Double-Breasted Suits. Blue Serge guaranteed to keep its colour. Ample turn-ups in sleeves, coat and knickers to allow for lengthening. Lined with good quality Italian lining. Extra strong pockets. Buttons and all seams sewn with thread. Tailoring same as in a well-made Man's Suit. 27/6. Send 1/6 with 1/- for postage, then pay 2/- fortnightly after you have had Suit a fortnight. Also Send boys' age.

LONG TROUSERS SUITS FOR YOUTHS, AGES 15 to 19. PRICE 45/11. Write for free catalogue.

JOHN BLANFORD LTD. DEPT. J.B.Q. 1, 2 & 3, BATH ST. CITY RD. LONDON, E.C.1

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

Chas. T. Robey
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No 24, COVENTRY

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S GIFT.

When the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon in ancient times she carried with her gifts of precious stones, of ivory and peacocks, of aromatique herbs and spices—beautifying, remedial, and antiseptic, and the value of these was beyond price.

The woman of to-day realises, as did the famous Sheban Queen, the immense importance of these herbs and spices in the modern pursuit of beauty; she knows their value in creating appetite, stimulating the digestion and promoting good health, without which true beauty is impossible, and she is indeed fortunate for she can obtain these in the simplest way—merely by purchasing a bottle of Mason's 'O.K.' Sauce, which is sold by all Grocers at 6d., 9d., and 11d.

PILES Sufferers say there is nothing so good as Man Zan for any case of Piles. Ends maddening irritation at once. Easy to apply, it soothes and heals quickly. Persevere—Man Zan will end your trouble for good. In tubes, 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper), from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd., Dept. R1, Croydon. MAN ZAN

"JOHN BULL'S" HUGE X-WORD FIRST

AN EXTRA £100 for RUNNERS-UP

£1,000

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED Easy to Enter

"JOHN BULL'S" great fair and square Crossword Contest again offers the huge sum of £1,000 as First Prize that must be won. In addition, there is £100 for runners-up. Enter now for this entertaining and profitable pastime. A little simple skill and a few of your spare moments may bring this big prize home to you.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, June 25, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 2.

Winners in X-Word No. 11 appear on page 25.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 117

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 117 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double Entry Form is SIXPENCE—for 2 double Entry Forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us **not later than NOON, Thursday, June 18th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, July 2nd.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, July 14th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 CASH. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

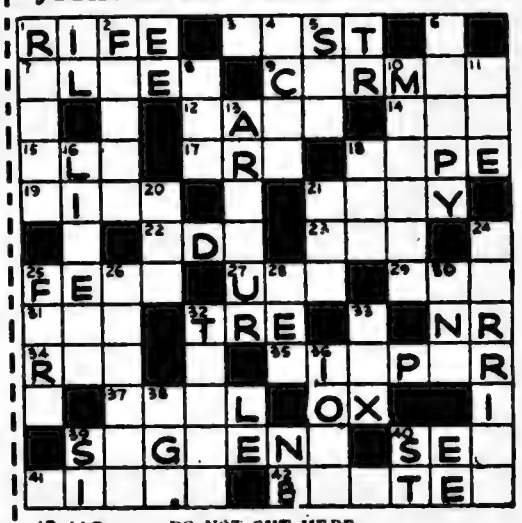
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

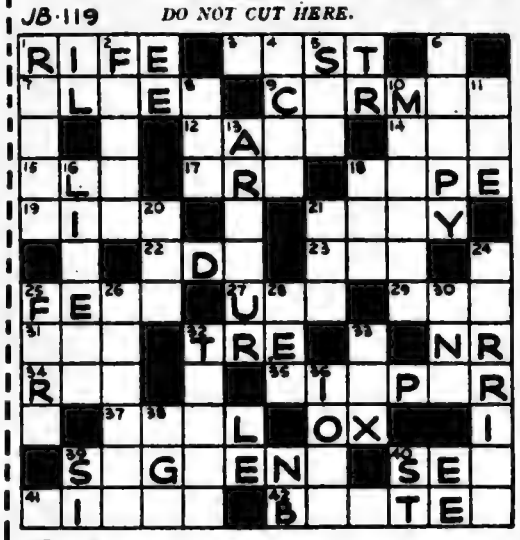
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With one coupon send Postal Order for SIXPENCE. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 119



JB·119 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·119

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 1 Coupon 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 18th.

CLUES ACROSS.

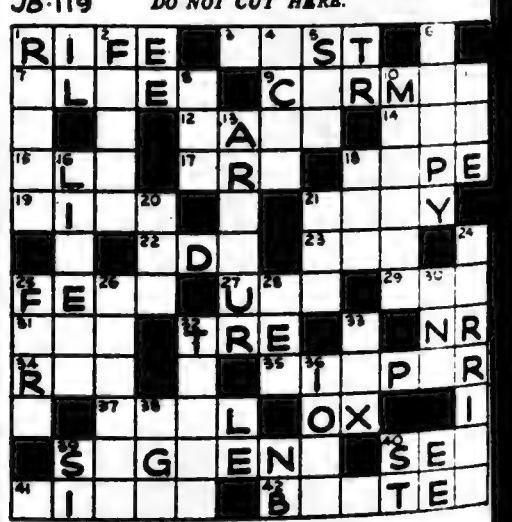
1. Abounding.
3. The —— year was 1930.
7. These are very bitter.
9. Van driver.
12. A portion.
14. Large monkey.
15. A yard and a quarter.
17. Here we —— again!
18. Mature.
19. Joint is served up on.
21. Small horse.
22. Fuss.
23. Long fish.
25. You walk on two.
27. A vase.
29. Yourself.
31. Everything.
34. Cereal.
35. Figured linen.
37. Calf's flesh.
39. Section.
40. Observe.
41. Their rule is sometimes tyrannous.
42. Goes on in the market.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Boss did on Monday morning.
2. Footballer sometimes does this to opponent.
4. 4,840 sq. yards.
5. Took a seat.
6. Strong liquor may make you this.
8. Health resort.
10. Principally.
11. Indicates maiden name.
13. What made the knight so bold.
16. Describes boy employer engages.
18. Fish spawn.
20. You wear it on your head.
21. Ink flows from this.
24. His business is concerned with skins.
25. Gives you a run for your money.
26. Number in cricket team.
28. Colour of Government tape.
30. First figure.
32. Crowd is often carried away by these.
33. It's sometimes put on your table.
36. Something exceedingly small.
38. Hen lays it.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 119

JB·119 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·119

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ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 18th.

If entering two coupons, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 119), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

Miss N. (Chisuick).—"The man of breeding always pauses on the threshold before entering a room." Unless, of course, there is a small mat on the polished floor.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

F. B. (Sutton).—"I gave up smoking through sheer will-power." Whose?

S. M. (Newark).—"I paid the fine at once." To save time, of course.

J. N. (Oxshott).—"Although I am only a carpenter I am a gentleman." Do you manicure your nails?

E. A. (Sligo).—"Over 100,000 people were drunk in Ireland last year." Staggering figures!

V. B. (Ripley).—"I've done a lot to increase my neighbour's business." Is he a pawnbroker?

C. C. (Falmouth).—"What was wrong with my last letter?" It proved not to be your last letter.

N. B. (Stratford).—"It is essential that Derby horses be well fed." And yet fast!

H. C. (Gt. Yarmouth).—"East Coast towns are much more enterprising than others." Even the wind is keener.

H. N. (Baldock).—"My neighbour is an angler, and is always talking about his catches." For hours at a stretch?

B. L. M. (Watford).—"The jazz age is passing." Yes. Usually under our window at three in the morning.

V. J. (Twyford).—"How do they get so many sardines into a tin?" Bypackingthemtogetherlikethis.

RADICAL (Bury).—"Some people for ever demand change." And don't taxi-drivers hate giving it to them.

FLUTTER (E.C.3).—"Shares are often sold several times in the course of a few hours." So are speculators.

G. D. (Purley).—"I can't help laughing every time I see my wife wearing her new hat." If she's wise, she'll put it on when the bill arrives.

F. N. (Atherstone).—"At our point-to-point races I was over the first fence before the rest of the field." Including your horse?

F. R. (Bungay).—"I have a hen which is nineteen years old." Are the restaurant people after it? We've met its sister!

MRS. G. (Kensington).—"What difference is there between a man buying a hat and a woman buying one?" About three hours.

MUS. DOC. (Wendover).—"A piano has over a hundred hammers." That's just what our neighbour's playing sounds like.

H. L. (Redditch).—"The songs that will be sung everywhere next winter are being written now." We shan't let the thought of it spoil our summer holiday.

P. N. (Grantham).—"The only time I ever rescued a man from drowning he put sixpence in my hand and went off." Didn't he wait for the change?

J. M. (Darlington).—"I never cash cheques. I wouldn't cash one for my own brother." Well, you ought to know your own brother if anyone does.

MARY (Maida Vale).—"I'm going to marry a struggling young lawyer." If you've made up your mind, he might as well stop struggling.

W. S. (Frome).—"In a village near here there is an old man who wears his overcoat all day long, winter and summer." The Coldest Inhabitant.

W. T. (Taplow).—"Some time ago it was not customary to announce the names of those taking part in wireless plays." To-day the personal safety of the performers is apparently a secondary consideration.

J. D. (Goole).—"The thing that impressed me most about London was the House of Commons." The outside, of course.

W. H. (Kettering).—"I once went without sleep for eight days. Is that a record?" Many fathers of twins would probably dispute it.

A. B. (Knutsford).—"Though he is a famous comedian, he is learning to fly to earn a living." Let us hope he will not bring down the house.

V. K. (Leeds).—"It is a crime to send threatening letters through the post." But tailors don't care.

J. R. N. (Dundee).—"What on earth will follow the motor-car?" Demands for the instalments, we fear.

SAM (Worthing).—"I don't understand women. That's why I'm a bachelor." That's why most men are married.

T. M. M. (Manchester).—"A strange glare lit up the sky here the other day." Was it the sun?

C. R. (Walsall).—"Bachelors are as lazy as they can be." Married men are as lazy as they dare be.

BOOKSELLER (Edinburgh).—"There is one book that is in demand all the year round." We know—our cheque-book.

E. F. (Halifax).—"I'm going to Blackpool this year for my summer holiday." When did your wife decide?

L. N. (Richmond).—"I think it is very unwise to buy a low-lying house." Especially through an agent of the same description.

W. S. (Croydon).—"I do not believe in striking under any circumstances." We know of several heavyweights who are of your mind.

A. K. (Totnes).—"I caught my husband flirting." Lots of husbands are caught by this method.

G. K. (London, N.).—"I told the magistrate that I had no settled address." Did he give you one?

G. K. (Edgware).—"Why do laundries starch up the button-holes of shirts"? We thought it was cement!

G. C. (Cheam).—"The money I have will enable me to live at the rate of a thousand a year." For how long?

W. A. (Bude).—"How can I give a happy twist to my picnic-party?" Take along your corkscrew.

T. M. S. (Acton).—"The audience made such a noise that I couldn't hear a word of the M.P.'s speech." Then what are you complaining about?

THOUGHTFUL (Croydon).—"We are poorer for the passing of a lot of time-honoured things." Including collection plates.

T. C. (Southborough).—"When I recovered my senses I asked for a glass of water." It couldn't have been your senses you recovered.

T. S. (Glasgow).—"Time and again I have answered a ring at my front door, only to find that there was no one there." Are you a dentist?

F. G. (Brighton).—"Why are spectators at cricket matches so keen on seeing the ball knocked out of the ground?" It's just six-appeal, we suppose.

AUTHOR (Guildford).—"I have written for six leading papers." Why? Wouldn't your newsagent deliver them?

C. D. (Manchester).—"I am suffering from kleptomania." You take things easily.

F. K. (Victoria).—"M.P.s recently demanded better ventilation in the House." To air their grievances?

A. T. (Holmdale).—"I am not easily put out." No? We have a very muscular commissionaire.

E. J. (Totnes).—"It was stated that whisky was served in milk jugs at a London night club." An American visitor referred in glowing terms to the cow.

S. J. (London, S.).—"A billiards player made a break of fifty with an umbrella." But he'd look foolish trying to keep the rain off with a cue.

T. C. C. (KILBURN).—"My wife has also taken up *Bullets* now." Give her a good beating—by entering some better *Bullets* than hers for the fifty cheques on page 35.

D. M. (London, W.).—"I can tell you the name of a restaurant where you can eat dirt cheap." What on earth makes you think that we want to eat dirt?

FRED M. (Ealing).—"The world being round, one can get west by going east and north by going south." Are you a taxi-driver?

WATCHMAKER (Manchester).—"Nobody knows what makes a hitherto smoothly-running watch suddenly refuse to go." We do—small nephews.

H. R. T. (Kingston-on-Thames).—"American dentists have just formed a professional society." In an effort to pull together, we suppose.

F. W. (Croydon).—"The day will come when all our food will be imported by aeroplane or airship." Isn't the cost of living high enough already?

NELLIE (Bow).—"I can talk for hours on any subject." The average woman does not even require a subject to enable her to talk for hours.

C. P. (Oldham).—"Suddenly the theatre lights failed and the audience were in the dark." That often happens without the lights failing.

MUSICIAN (Kensington).—"It is extremely difficult to learn the violin, but by no means impossible." That's just the trouble.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Example of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"THE TEMPTRESS" (William Le Queux): "He knew his FACE was sealed."

GRIMSBY DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Walk laughed. It was more a chuckle of glee perhaps. It grated on his listener's ears."

NORTHAMPTON ECHO:—"The dog ran the LAMP out and chased it round the field until it was exhausted."

BLACKPOOL GAZETTE AND HERALD:—"Miss —— is a member of the Blackpool SYMPATHY Orchestra."

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES" (Novel):—"Turning her head so that her lips could touch her FOREHEAD."

SEXTON BLAKE NOVELS:—"The mantelpiece was cluttered with photographs in HARD STRAW HATS."

STAR:—"Kid Berg and Johnny Peters are in fine shape for their FLIGHTS at Pittsburg."

SPORTS BUDGET:—"Like a BOW from an ARROW Poltaft left the slips and dashed down the centre of the course."

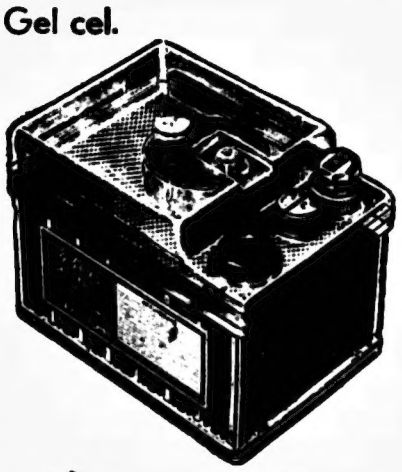
HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—"Doors were WRENCHED from WINDOWS."

"RACING SEER" (Novel):—"She helped him into his HAT."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"It is the information of authoritative circles that King Alphonso has not abdicated, or SINGED away his rights and privileges in any way."

The perfect jelly acid battery . . .

The new Exide Gel-cel is the first jelly acid battery to compare in efficiency with the best liquid acid batteries and yet have all the advantages of jelly acid. It is **absolutely unspillable** and leak-proof. As an extra precaution against the escape of residual acid this battery has an improved acid trap and a seamless case with a double bottom. It is the **safest battery** ever produced. When the present battery in your portable set must be replaced, take no risks—fit an Exide Gel cel.



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The jelly acid battery for portables

There is a type to suit every set

Prices from 13/-

Obtainable from Exide Service Stations or any reputable dealer. Exide Service Stations give service on *every* make of battery

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Branches at London

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M15

GOT NOTHING IN THE IRISH SWEEP?

REMEMBER

EVERYBODY'S

CAN HELP YOU TO

£60,000 A WEEK.

In "**JOHN BULL**" alone there are amazing offers of money for "Bullets"—this week a unique offer of fifty big cheques—and £1,100 for Crosswords. Do you know that the £1,000 prize in Bullets Nos. 801 and 803 were won by readers of **EVERYBODY'S**, as well as the astounding £4,500 prize for Bullets No. 797. Besides there are the "**PEOPLE**" MOVIE-STARS and Crosswords, the "**DAILY HERALD**" HOLIDAY BALLOT, PICTURE PUZZLE and Crosswords, for all of which **EVERYBODY'S** gives you full solutions and alternatives. In fact, every newspaper competition is dealt with.

EXCLUSIVE RACING INFORMATION.

"Downsman," **EVERYBODY'S** Turf adviser, has held the record for years for classic and big handicap winners. Already this year he has given THE MASHER, the 7/1 Newbury Cup winner, ANTHURIUM, the 25/1 City & Suburban winner, CAMERONIAN, the 100/8 "2,000" and Derby winner, and RACEDALE, the Jubilee winner, when at 8 to 1. See what he says about the NEWBURY CUP.

There are also pages of pictures, jokes and short stories. You'll like the paper. This week's issue is a special **HOLIDAY AND SUMMER** Number—48 big pages packed with the best of everything. Make sure of it; it will please you and help you.

Everybody's

THE POPULAR WEEKLY.

Everywhere. 48 Big Pages. 2d.

Pretty Girls Made Unattractive

WHAT woman can look dainty in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair? How best to get rid of such hair is a perplexing problem for many women. Razors only make the hair grow coarser and thicker and old-fashioned depilatories are most unsatisfactory. More than three million women have found a satisfactory solution in Veet. Simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money returned. 1/6 and 3/- at chemists, hairdressers and stores.

VEET

REMOVES HAIR LIKE MAGIC

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

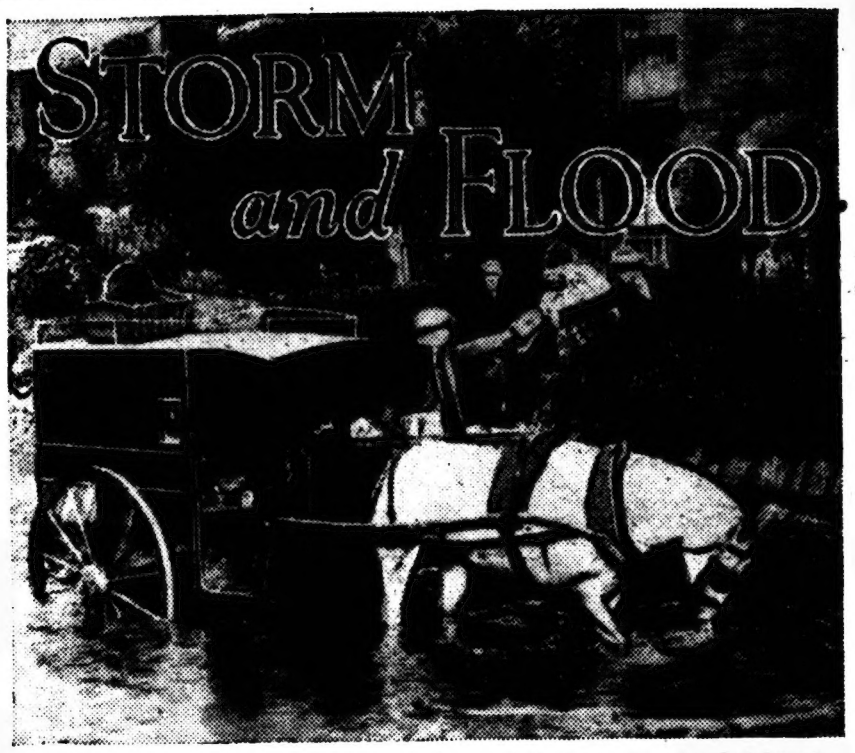
Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **Shadforth "Bladder Comfort" No. 285.** It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B. 25), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested.



(Delivering provisions in a flooded area.)

"John Bull" The ONLY paper to pay STORM & FLOOD Benefits

Streets resembling rivers—many homes inundated—the severe storms and floods which swept the country recently have played havoc in the homes of many "John Bull" readers.

Our representatives are working at top pressure in the stricken areas to ascertain the extent of the damage to readers' belongings and precious possessions.

As we go to press the first reports have been received and cheques will be dispatched at the earliest possible moment.

"John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift still leads the way—is still the most practical and beneficial of all. It is the ONLY paper to pay Flood and Storm Benefits just as it is the ONLY paper to cover readers against Fire.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—here are some common dangers, and ample provision has been made for them under our great gift.

Think of your home a prey to the flames; your possessions a charred heap! Think what a cheque would mean if sickness should come; if an accident deprived you of your weekly earnings. Have you registered? If not, sign the registration forms below.

FIRE—STORM—FLOOD—SICKNESS—"John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 13/6/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 13/6/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash these Coupons

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and p.o. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad nib. "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

GOOD FOR CONSTIPATION

Your intestinal tract is 32 feet long and if every inch of it is not disinfected and cleared regularly every day, millions of germs breed, poisons pass into your blood and gases generate, making you feel altogether miserable. Everything depends upon your Liver. If you have let it become sluggish or inactive — no wonder you suffer from Constipation, Flatulence and Headaches. Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills go direct to the origin of the trouble, they stimulate the sluggish liver, the bowels are relieved in a natural manner, and all accumulated waste matter passes away. Small, sugar coated and easy to swallow, they never fail. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

GRAVES 'VULCAN' 2-VALVE WIRELESS OUTFIT

Made under Marconi patents and embodying all latest improvements. Gives you National Programmes in perfection, and wide choice of distant stations. Handsome full size production cased in polished Oak and full size Loud Speaker to match. Complete & Carriage Paid with full instructions. £7:10:0

Terms: 7/6 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/6

HERE ARE TWO OTHER GREAT WIRELESS SUCCESSES

Fully illustrated and described in our Catalogue Post Free

The Graves Screened-Grid 3-Valve Set. Complete & ready to fix £12:10 Terms: 15/ now, 15/- month

Graves Screened-Grid 2-Valve All Mains Pedestal Model. £15:0:0 Terms: 20/- now, 20/- month

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM HAEMORRHOIDS?

OUR FREE OFFER

If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, send at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative, healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. There is no painful or dangerous operation to face; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try the treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.13, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

RUN-DOWN SLEEPLESS AND DEPRESSED

Mr. PARSONS, 10, Globe Yard, Wakefield, writes:—"Six months ago I began to feel very run-down, could not sleep and did not want to go to work, began losing weight and felt altogether depressed. My wife was recommended to get me Vitadatio and that is how I regained my lost vitality. I have recommended it to several friends and all are sincere in their praises of a worthy medicine."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and Chemists and Stores. 3/-and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 5 times supply for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

STILL LARGER FIRST PRIZE

£500

SECOND PRIZE £50 £25 THIRD PRIZE

5 PRIZES OF £20 | 5 PRIZES OF £10

12 PRIZES OF £7·10 | 25 PRIZES OF £5

OTHER PRIZES
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

THIS WEEK ONLY! CLOSING SAT. JUNE 20

BIG BULLETS' CHEQUES

FIFTY GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU!

SUMMER sunshine may be scarce this year, but the *Bullets* prize-list is growing apace. This week the First has sprung up to £500, and 49 other fine prize blooms are waiting to be plucked.

To make a *Bullet* which may win you a place in this week's "Big Fifty" you have simply to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* WHEN BRITAIN AWAKES, the added words FOREIGNERS "OPENING EYES" ALSO would complete a *Bullet*.

Study the styles of the winners below—then get busy with your own *Bullets*, and see that they are in by Saturday, June 20.

£1,362 10s. CASH AWARDED TO-DAY!

FIRST PRIZE OF 1,000 GUINEAS—COMPETITION No. 805

Mr. W. Beaumont, 40, Alderley Street, Salford.
Example:—NEVER MIND, ALFONSO
Bullet:—YOUR *Hand's* ON "COIN"!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. Alfred B. Curle, "Westward," Oreston, nr. Plymouth.
Example:—On The Road
Bullet:—Don't "Consider Yourself Alone."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. R. J. Addiscott, "Moiralyn," Denton Bank, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example:—Adding Insult to Injury
Bullet:—Talk—On Chamber Music!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. BOLDRA, No. 6, Row 113, Great Yarmouth.
If I Win The Sweep—Bell Labelled "Push O.I!"

Mrs. A. COOK, 902, St. Helens Road, Bolton-over-Hulton.
On The Road—Reason Actor *Isn't* Footsore.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. CRAWLEY, 94, Alfred Street, S. Nottingham.
An Old Crock—I Am—A.M.

H. HUDSON, 156, Stalisfield Avenue, Liverpool.
Killing—Soul By "Resurrections," Blackmailer.

F. LAMBERT, Chartridge Lane, Chesham.
Lightning Cure—Promised—Elector Coughs Significantly.

A. LENNARD, 14, Sectney Street, Peterborough.
Lulled To Sleep—Public—Then "Liberty Taken."

J. A. TAYLOR, 54, North Bridge Street, Sunderland.
Lulled To Sleep—Father—"Old Scotch" Lullaby!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. C. VAN COLLER, c/o McConnell, 47, Gardner Street, Glasgow.
An Old Crock—Pouring Out Gold, Taxpayer.

H. WATSON, 7, Charfield Road, West Croydon.
Adding Insult to Injury—The Total's Called "Legislation."

A. V. YARWOOD, 12, Little Berrington Street, Hereford.
Fallen Star — Wouldn't "Reduce Her Figure."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

D. BASTABLE, 4, Cowper Street, Northampton.
Asking For Something — Not *Anything*—Manufacturers, Note!

J. DUNBAR, Campbell Street, Newmilns, Ayrshire.
Killing—By Both "Barrels," Bootlegger.

A. HIGNETT, 23, Kemble Street, Liverpool.
Tide Of Opinion—Hardly Affects Broadcast "Waves."

S. G. KENDALL, Whitfield, nr. Dover.
If I Win The Sweep — "Trials" Ended—"Appeals" Begin.

A. SHARPE, 124, Camberwell Road, S.E.
Down Came The Rain And—Our Visitors "Took Root."

W. F. STAPLETON, 72, Overstone Road, Harpenden.
What The Tramp Said—"Amateurs, Bill—They're Washing!"

Mrs. F. STARBUCK, Hall Farm, Exton, Oakham.
If I Win The Sweep—Alarm-clock's *Career* "Wound Up."

F. C. WALL, 12, Griffins Brook Lane, Birmingham.
When Lovers Quarrel—World Totters—And Titters.

T. WILLIAMS, 9, Druid's Terrace, Treforest.
On The Road—Furniture, Unless "Things Moving."

E. WINDLE, 75, Suffolk Road, Portsmouth.
Lulled To Sleep—Parson—With Wireless Sermon!

A list of 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the *First* Prize-winner in Competition No. 806 will be displayed in the window of Mr. L. Richardson, 28, Northanton Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 806 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets' Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

Examples for Competition No. 809

WHEN BRITAIN AWAKES
CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC
BEST THING TO DO
A FOOL'S ERRAND
BACKING OUT
PAMPERED
GOING GOING—
HER MASCOT
SPIRIT OF OPTIMISM
AT OUR POST-OFFICE
STARVATION
SAVE ME A TURN
MAN WITH PUSH
BEAUTY CONTEST
VOICE OF THE TEMPTER
OFF AGAIN
WHEN YOU'RE IN DEBT
ALL SHE WEARS
WAITING PATIENTLY
CALLED TO ORDER
FLOWERY LANGUAGE
I'D HAVE A CAR IF
SAYS YOUTH
AN INSPIRATION
ARMED WITH KNOWLEDGE
SIGNING HIS NAME
HARD TO EXPLAIN
GROWING OLD
BANISHED
PURSUIT OF PLEASURE
UNFORTUNATE REMARK
ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS

Example _____ (Closing SAT. June 20)
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(809) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ (Closing SAT. June 20)
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(809) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ (Closing SAT. June 20)
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(809) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ (Closing SAT. June 20)
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(809) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

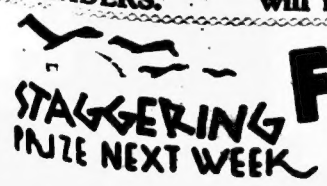
If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write the extra efforts on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 809, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL OFFER TO "BULLETIN" READERS.

If next week's First Prize-winner is a registered reader of "Bullets Bulletin" he will receive a bonus of a £210 Motor-car.



STAGGERING PRIZE NEXT WEEK

FREE HOLIDAYS FOR LIFE and £3000 CASH

MARVELLOUS SHAVEX OUTFIT COMPLETE FOR 1/6

Shavex Zee-Kol Co. have now placed on the Market the most perfect outfit for shaving. Its contents are shown below—A Razor, a large tube of Shavex and 2 perfect Blades. There is not another blade that can compete with the Shavex Blade. The whole outfit is unique.

The razor is so perfected that it can be cleaned in a few seconds, and it is so well plated that the plating will last many years—so unlike many razors to-day, even expensive ones, the handles of which all turn verdigris, which is very dangerous to the skin. The Shavex Razor glides over the face so that you can hardly feel it and you will find that you have had the most perfect shave of your life. This outfit should be taken on all one's travels. No water is necessary with Shavex. This expensive outfit can be obtained for **1/6**, an offer which has never been known before and never will again. We consider it is the finest razor with the finest blades on the market.

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. There is no soda in "Shavex" as is used in other shaving soaps. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and a Skin Preserver. SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last, after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

The SHAVEX OUTFIT *contains*

A SHAVEX SAFETY RAZOR
2 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
A LARGE TUBE OF SHAVEX

THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT 1/6

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere at

Large Tube **1/-** Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months) **1/6**

Wonderful Reduction
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
Of all Chemists and Stores
ONE BLADE 3d. INSTEAD OF 4d
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

The Complete Outfit is British Made

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
or post free from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19

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